

C N CALLING

No man can
justly censure or
condemn another,
because, indeed,
no man truly
knows another.

Sir Thomas Browne

Number 1062

JULY 29, 1939

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**SALUTE
TO THE
EVER-YOUNG**

See page 8

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THREE BRITISH ARMIES

The Peace Army, the Scout Army, & the Army of Idle Men

WE have all been thrilled by the sight of the Thirty Thousand Militiamen who have rallied for national defence; they are part of our British Army of Peace, guarding the peace of the world by its inherent strength and by its high example.

It is worth while to remember that this country has now three Armies. Let us look at them.

For a thousand years the freeborn Englishman, or Scotsman, or Welshman, secure in his island home, rejected the idea of being compelled to enrol in the army.

Conscription was the hated word. Even when the World War compelled him to join up in defence of country, home, and freedom, he would have scorned to call himself a conscript. Now, in a time of peace, he has joined the militia, the kernel of the New Army of Britain, which will call on every man who is able to prepare himself to fight for her liberty when the hour may come.

Conscription, or compulsory service, are bogeys to frighten those who forget that England has always had the right to demand the help of every son of hers in times of danger. King Alfred knew it when he summoned from Wessex the first militia to fight the Danes, and beat them. Queen Elizabeth knew it, and the Iron Duke had the militia with him in Spain. Only in the long peace of the 19th century was the meaning of the militia forgotten. Now we know it. The militia are the youth of Britain preparing to become men, and to do their duty as men in Britain's defence.

More than 30,000 of them have joined up as the vanguard of the new host. They are the first line of what

none will dare to call a contemptible little army. Conscription! Perish the thought. These are the recruits of the new British Peace Army, and proud of their title. We need look no farther than the accounts of their first assembly to be conscious of the spirit in which they joined up for their first six months of training with the Regular Army. Mr Hore-Belisha spoke for the nation as well as for the regulars when he said in his fine way that they are the Army's guests; and one of the recruits spoke for himself and his fellows when he asked that one of their mothers should be told it was all O K.

We need not dwell on the strengthening of security which this New Army forecasts. It will be a body filled with the preservation of a

people's liberty, not an army of pressed men. Even more than that splendid Army which kept the flag flying during the World War it will bring together in a common purpose young men of every class, rich and poor, learned and simple, to serve side by side on equal terms, and gain knowledge from one another of how they live and what they think. This is the beginning of the new Armies of Peace which may yet save the world.

There is another British Army, of less ancient traditions than the militia, but already venerable, and, like the militia, of British origin, which has spread its olive branches of peace throughout the world. It is the Army of Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides, of whose scope and authority we are reminded by the Moot of 4000

Rover Scouts at Monzie Castle in the Highlands, and the concluding Conference of Scout delegates from 25 countries and the British Empire at Edinburgh. The Rover Scouts are those who have grown up with the Boy Scouts, whose first modest camp was set up on Brownsea Island 31 years ago, and have kept their devotion to it. In the years since the Chief Scout founded the movement it has spread all over the world, and it numbers two and a quarter millions. The Guides are another army more than half the size of their brothers.

Great Britain's share of this army is more than a million strong. But when we think of its forces we do not reckon them in guns or tanks or aeroplanes, but in terms of goodwill,

Continued on page 2

MALIEOTA TANU HAS FOLLOWED R. L. S.

A TINY paragraph over the cables tells us that Malieota Tanu is dead. Who remembers Malieota?

He was once King of Western Samoa, and loved Britain and the British. He was a child while Robert Louis Stevenson was there. Another Malieota reigned before him; but there was also a rival king, and, in the civil war which ensued between the rivals, Malieota was deposed and young Malieota was appointed king in his stead. Soon, however, young Malieota's kingdom was assigned to Germany, and German it remained until August 29, 1914, when a force from New Zealand landed and captured it, and it has been governed since under mandate from the League of Nations. Malieota ruled under the British

flag as a leading chief, and sat in the Legislature as one of the two native members for Western Samoa.

The older Malieota was one of the Samoans who watched by R. L. S. when he was dying, one who helped to make the pathway to the summit of the 1500-foot hill, to keep the way clear of vegetation, and to see that no gun was fired on the height to startle the birds that sang about the lonely grave. That was in 1894, and Stevenson's widow went her way to America and there made her home.

In the spring of 1914 she died in California, having expressed a desire to share the Samoan tomb of her husband. Her ashes were enclosed in an urn, but before they could be removed the war broke out, and it

was not until the end of June 1915 that the urn reached Samoa.

There, sad and melancholy to receive it, waited the faithful Malieota, with kinsmen who had helped to carry Stevenson to his last resting-place. They were there with their precious ceremonial mats, and, all robed in white and bearing fragrant flowers, they bore the urn in procession up the steep hill, to deposit it with the remains of the man whom, with her, they had loved better even than their own kith and kin.

With the passing of Malieota a chapter closes, one of the strangest and most beautiful in our history of association with native peoples. Malieota will lie not far from the hill on which R. L. S. sleeps.



Militiamen in their new
service dress at Aldershot

A MEAL PREPARED 100 YEARS AGO

The Cat, the Can, and the Label

Carrots packed in tins for Captain Parry's third expedition in search of the North-West Passage in 1824 have just been opened and found to be in perfectly good condition for eating.

They smelt and tasted sweet, although 115 years in a tinned can had given them a slight metallic flavour. The "tin cans" in which fruit and vegetables were packed more than a century ago were iron containers coated inside with tin, and were first used by Bryan Donkin in England; he was one of the directing minds of Hall's Engineering Works, which still carry on at Dartford, the oldest works of their kind in the country.

Not all fruits could be tinned then, however, as there was the danger of acids attacking the coating. The tin lining today is itself coated with a highly resistant chemical varnish or enamel which makes it possible to can any kind of food from a poached egg to a lobster's tail. Before the use of canned vegetables and fruits sailors suffered greatly from scurvy, caused by eating the salted meats and dried soups which were carried by ships.

As we go to press we understand that some meat in the can was eaten with great delight by a cat in a laboratory, and that the label said that the tin should be opened with hammer and chisel, the word tin-opener not having yet come into existence.

The Castle of a Dream

Sir Hubert Herkomer's dream, the Bavarian castle at Bushey, Herts, is coming down. He built it when all England was talking of his pictures of the old Chelsea Pensioners, The Last Muster, and of the Brethren of the Charterhouse, The Roll Call.

The house, like a palace, was to recall the Bavaria of his childhood, and he brought from there his old father and mother and others of his family to live in his dream castle with him. They were woodcarvers, and carved very beautifully the wood of the staircases and doorways and mantelpieces of the house.

Soon after it had been built, actually 47 years ago, the writer went to Bushey to seek some information from the artist, which, however, he was unable to give. "Never mind," said Herkomer, "you shall not have had your journey for nothing. I will show you my house." That he did proudly, calling attention specially to the carving and the decoration.

Little is left of it all now, and nothing will be left soon, for, having survived for some years as an Art School, the castle is being demolished. It was his dream, and now it disappears. But if the dream has gone, some of the artist's pictures have survived it.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Baikal	Bi-kahl
Fukien	Foo-ke-en
Hokkaido	Hok-ki-doh
Mareotis	Mah-re-o-tis

The Peace Army, the Scout Army, and the Army of Idle Men

Continued from page 1

of obedience, of discipline, and of self-reliance. These are weapons not to be weighed, but surely, though slowly, they contribute to the peace of the world. This is the Army that never knows defeat, and must win in the end.

Its highest achievement is that it is international, with high aims spread through every continent and among almost all peoples—even those who seem for a time to reject them. Its power is not only in numbers, or in the network of 30 countries where they are distributed, but also in the fact that its ideas have been spreading and growing throughout the span of 30 years, a whole generation of mankind.

Each of these countries, as the Secretary for Scotland, Mr John Colville, told their representatives at the Rover Scout Moot, commands the loyalty and allegiance of its Scouts, but all are joined by a common ideal enshrined in the word Service.

"And you carry about the world (said Mr Colville) your common password, Friendship. Would that this Password could take the place of Passports, could become the one and only passport for the comings and goings of the world! That may seem a dream in these days of strain and tension among the nations; but in you lies the promise that it may one day become reality."

The Hopes of the Future

It is a national bulwark as well as an international insurance. No country which, like ours, has been giving the best of its boyhood and girlhood to such an army and such an aim for so long can fail to draw strength and fortitude from it. It is an army of ever-springing youth, which never would bow down before a conqueror. It is the repository of the hopes of the future.

We Must Borrow £500,000,000

WE shall be spending exactly £2,000,000 a day on defence this year, according to the latest estimates of the Chancellor, who gave £730,000,000 as our defence expenditure for this year. It is indeed possible, so rapidly are we developing our resources, that this huge daily sum will be exceeded.

When the Chancellor introduced his Budget in April he anticipated that our expenditure on defence would amount to £630,000,000, of which about £248,000,000 would come from taxes and the rest from loans.

But while the Finance Bill was being discussed in the House of Commons

Three Friends

Three letters were opened the other day at the children's hospital in Great Ormond Street; they were all anonymous.

One envelope contained the words From a Friend and a cheque for £2000.

The second envelope was a cheque for £1000 from a Provincial Friend who had recently visited the hospital. The third envelope had this note in it:

As one grows older one more than ever realises the true glory of life is to give and not to receive, to serve and not to be served. On August 1 I have a birthday, and reaching an age when birthday presents become fewer, I want to give you my birthday present of £31 10s.

There is a third Army in England, promising no such strength, and weak rather than strong because of its numbers. It is the Idle Army. More than a quarter of a million members of it have been out of work for more than a year, and no fewer than 623,000 have been out of work for three months or more. That is a big army, and the figures make it clear that a large part of it is able to work if it is given work to do. Add to the numbers another 731,000 who have not had any work for the last three months, and the Army of the Unemployed rises to 1,354,000.

A Reproach to the Nation

This Idle Army is not an asset but a reproach to the nation. It is less of a reproach to say that the nation has to keep them in their idleness than that it allows them to remain idle. It cannot be pretended that there is no work for them to do. Work left undone stares us in the face by field and farm, by road and river, by every uncared rubbish heap.

Even if the labour of the hands of these unemployed proved unproductive it would be better that they should do it than remain idle, their hours wasted, their manhood slipping away from them.

These are days when all men and women are summoned to National Service. The Idle Army is a National Disservice, a source of weakness which should be removed without delay and a reproach to every public body which makes no attempt to remove it. We have a Minister for the Peace Army in Mr Hore-Belisha; a Chief for the Scout Army in our famous B.P. Where is the Minister for the Idle Army who will raise it up to be a source of strength in these days when the nation sorely needs it?

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Already this year about £20,000 worth of damage has been done by fire on the land of the Forestry Commission.

One of the 30,000 Militiamen on arriving at camp released a carrier pigeon to carry an Arrived Safely message to his mother.

Miss Florence Hooper is retiring after teaching at Erith for 51 years; she received one shilling a week to begin with.

An appeal for four pianos for Bolton Infirmary brought four the next day and one extra, a grand piano.

Up till the end of June this year 1500 people from the United Kingdom have been assisted to take up their residence in Australia.

Fourteen years ago Canon Boscawen gave some seeds of the Du Caen anemone to a friend, and it is now so widely grown that millions of blooms now reach the markets every year from the West Country in place of those formerly brought from France.

Commander Stephen King-Hall has succeeded in circulating at least 50,000 letters in Germany.

It is proposed that all practising solicitors should subscribe £5 a year to a fund to relieve victims of fraudulent solicitors.

The Two Vienna Boys

The C N fund for the two Vienna boys has now reached £141 14s 10d, these being this week's gifts:

Claude and Grenfell Jones, S. Africa	10s
A Folkestone Well-Wisher	10s
Blue Bird, Sheffield	5s
Miss E. M. Vince, Ipswich	5s
Anonymous, Manchester	3s
P. W. Roberts, Workson	1s

THINGS SEEN

A hen sitting on a family of kittens on a Cornish farm.

A car advertising itself for sale on the road.

Three foreign Boy Scouts sitting on the steps of York Minster reading the C N.

A dolphin weighing about a ton in a creek at Leigh-on-Sea.

THINGS SAID

Every man at the front in modern war needs seven men behind to keep him going. Sir Norman Angell

The value of our house property alone is about ten thousand million pounds. President of Board of Trade

England provides her soldiers with the milk and honey of the Empire.

A Rome broadcaster

Mr Wicks, an Englishman, has fled from the Jewish terror in London and has placed his family under the protection of the Reich. Dr Goebbels

I deprecate the display of exaggerated and misleading newspaper posters.

The Prime Minister

Persistent eating to excess is a kind of high treason.

A Nazi health expert in Munich

The cost of armaments is six shillings a week for every man, woman, and child in the country. Lord Samuel

THE BROADCASTER

THE average wages of a miner are now 14s 6d more than four years ago.

THE National Trust now owns 40 farms and about 300 buildings.

RAILWAY receipts for the last six months are up by nearly £500,000.

IT is hoped to save another 160 acres of the Sussex Downs near Birling Gap.

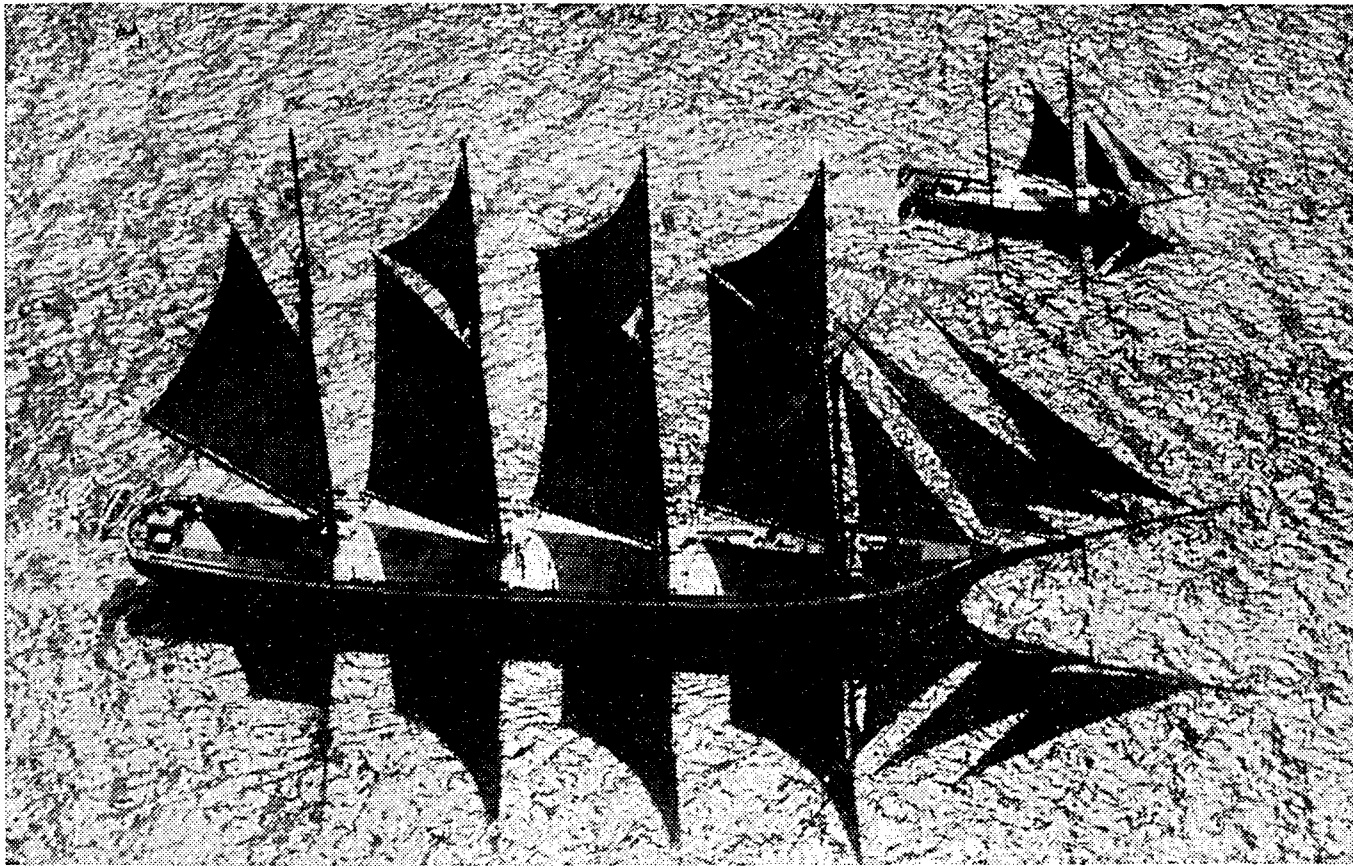
The Gang Again

Ferguson's Gang has been copying the methods of the I R A, but theirs, most happily, is a copy worth while.

The Gang turned up at the annual meeting of the National Trust, at which a curious red and white metal container was handed up to the chairman, Lord Zetland, who observed that the I R A appeared to have taken an interest in the National Trust, but must have been delighted when he read on the label,

*Bust this fruit and you will find
Kernel greatly to your mind.*

The kernel proved to be a banknote for £100 with a characteristic greeting from Ferguson's Gang.



SUN-MADE PATTERN

Strong sunshine enabled an aerial photographer to secure this picture of an Estonian four-masted schooner as it made its way along the Sound from the port of Copenhagen

The Family Bank

Edward Braniff gives us this charming picture of a home in which a mother of rare insight exercised a beautiful ministry.

I once knew a woman, the wife of a poor man, who hung up in her kitchen a small leather bag with nickels and dimes in it, to be used by her school-age sons and daughters, who were always needing extra money for car fares, books, pencils, shoe-strings, and other unpredictable items.

If a child felt he had to have something he was free to dip into the bag for what was needed; but when he did so he knew there would be less for others whose needs might be greater than his own. The purse was unguarded, and nobody tattled. A child might say why he needed money or he might not—that was his affair. But each Saturday night the bag was taken down at a family gathering, and if there was something left over that was a cause for deep personal satisfaction for everybody.

Happy Landings

Something more to help the airman in coming down, which is more perilous than going up, has been provided by a new way of lighting the landing field.

A strip of the field 1000 feet long and 200 feet wide is floodlighted, not from the side nor much above it, but from near the ground itself. Twenty separate lights, each only about a yard above the ground, are placed 100 feet from one another in parallel lines 200 feet apart. The carpet of light thus provided is uniformly illuminated and there is nothing to dazzle the airman. He can see nothing but the lighted strip, and it is plain for him to see.

Each lamp is served by its own battery, which keeps it alight for eight hours. The cost of the entire equipment and of recharging the batteries is small, and it can be easily moved from field to field. It comes from America. It is fool-proof, and in foggy weather the carpet can be laid where the fog is thinnest.

Thunderstorm News

Readers of the C N are among the 3000 voluntary observers of thunderstorms who send postcards to Mr Morris Bower of Huddersfield with particulars of storms in their districts.

Now we hear that Mr Bower has already received over 60,000 cards and that his collection of thunderstorms in the British Isles is becoming increasingly useful. His thunderstorm survey is well worth while. Insurance companies which are asked to pay claims for damage said to have been done by lightning are suspicious of the claim if Mr Bower has no record of a storm in the district. Engineers are glad to have information when planning a route for overhead cables.

One result of all the observations which have been made is the discovery that oak, elm, and ash are the most dangerous trees to shelter under during a storm.



PICKABACK

Fun among the fruit-pickers in Cambridgeshire



CHEERFUL ROVERS

Many hands and cheerful hearts made light work of necessary tasks at the third World Rover Moot which has just finished at Crieff in Scotland



FROM INDIA

A visitor to the Rover Moot in Scotland

STILL TO REIGN OVER US

George the Fifth's Statue at Westminster

At last we are to have the statue of our best beloved King, George the Fifth, where we want it, and how we shall best like to look upon him and remember him.

He will stand in his regal robes, with his back to the Abbey, and facing the Houses of his faithful Commons and his loyal Peers, in Abingdon Street. In this revised memorial the unwanted Gothic arch above his head has disappeared; he stands unsupported and unencumbered by ornament.

One defect, to be seen in the model of the statue on its column, is to be remedied. The pedestal is too high. We shall always look up at our king, but we do not want him to be perched so high that we cannot see his face. The same defect appears in Rodin's Burghers of Calais in the gardens of the Victoria Tower close by. Something is to be said in defence of that work of art, because the original was designed for the Gates of Calais, but the statue of King George is on a different footing.

The Committee of this National Memorial have made suggestions to the architects about the height of the pedestal, and we presume that it is to be lowered. That is how we would have it be.

A New Pitfall For Our Novelists

Most authors who have had no legal training write legal nonsense when they introduce law into their novels, and a new pitfall has opened this month for them, for on the 13th of July a law came into force abolishing an age-old evil.

From now onwards no husband or wife may make a malicious will cutting off the surviving members of the family with a contemptuous or insulting legacy.

Should such a will be made an application may be made in court under the new Inheritance Act, when the judge will be empowered to annul the provisions of the spiteful document and award up to two-thirds of the estate to his or her dependants.

But we shall doubtless find authors still making the hard, stern husband and father continue to cut his relatives off with a spiteful shilling.

Lawyers laugh at such authors, but sometimes the laugh is on the other side. One great lawyer, Baron Martin, had long been famous on the Bench before he was persuaded to read one of Shakespeare's plays, and, asked afterwards what he thought of the play, he replied, "It is full of atrociously bad law, and I am of opinion that Shakespeare is a greatly over-rated man."

The Listener

A young man in trouble before the Salford Stipendiary the other day was sentenced to sit in court and listen to 64 matrimonial and maintenance cases. He left the court at the end of the day a sadder and a wiser man.

Crossing a Continent Every Day

AUSTRALIA FORGES AHEAD

At the beginning of this month a remarkable air service began in Australia.

Look at the map of that great continent. The distance from Perth, capital of Western Australia, to Melbourne, capital of Victoria, is 1886 miles, and this new service, carrying passengers and mails in giant liners, is now accomplished in one day, returning to Perth the following day. Moreover, the schedule provides for the trip to be done three times a week each way.

On Monday morning, July 3, the airliner Bungana left Perth at 6.45 with 14 passengers and mails for various towns, arriving at Melbourne

in 13 hours. All along its route the plane was aided and guided by the new radio beams for which equipment has been established at important points, and safe landings were made in darkness.

The following morning the plane made a successful return flight in just over 11 hours. Four meals were served to passengers in the air, and an air hostess helped to make the trip an extremely comfortable one.

This new schedule will help to bring the people of the eastern and western States of the great Australian Commonwealth more closely together, and is a further step forward in the progress of the British Empire.

Publicity For 180 Million Sheep

It was the fleece of the sheep that gave prosperity to little England 400 years ago, and the churches of many of our counties bear witness to the wealth of our wool merchants.

Today London is still the world's wool market, but it is Britain overseas that produces the material. What in the Middle Ages was called the flower and strength of England is today one of the strongest links of Empire, and we are glad to broadcast the splendid way in which the three chief wool-producing Dominions are making known the especial virtues of this material. The C.N. is interested in one vital characteristic of wool—its inflammability, for an all-wool nursery greatly lessens the risk of fire.

This property and its other special virtues (strength equal to gold in its fibres, elasticity with a stretching capacity of 70 per cent, durability,

capacity for absorbing half its weight in water and for retaining heat, and its certain protection against chill) are all set forth in one of six lectures which have been prepared for our schools.

Two years ago the wool growers of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa established the International Wool Secretariat in London with a view to economic and scientific research and to make known the many uses of wool. This body has realised how important it is that we should be familiar with the fascinating history of the wool industry, and these six lectures have been prepared with appropriate diagrams and striking pictures and can be obtained free by teachers from the Secretariat at Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. With a background of 180 million sheep, our Empire wool industry is serving itself well.

350 Ugly Sticks For the City Beautiful

SALISBURY, the medieval city in which John Constable's beautiful spire (as we must call it) soars into the sky, is having 350 ugly sticks to keep it company down below.

Its dignified old streets are being defaced by 350 of the ugliest lamp-posts in the land.

They are of concrete, thick at the base and twice as tall as the ordinary lamp-post, with a sort of reaping-hook straddling across the top to carry a lamp suspended from it.

These inventions in concrete do not stand alone. Some unthinking town councils have adopted them in Midland towns and London suburbs which are so frankly unadorned that they have nothing to spoil; but Salisbury's enchanted city, with its matchless

cathedral, its old houses, its delightful High Street, is a thing of beauty for all to see, and is all the more vulnerable to disfigurement because of its beauty.

Concrete in its right place, and handled by a craftsman, need not be vulgar, and we know of many examples of it that are pleasing enough; but the shape and size and design of the Salisbury lamp-posts are a proof that it is not the right material for them, or that it has been wrongly employed.

One hope remains for Salisbury. It is clear that one of the reasons impelling the town council to put these monstrosities up is that they were cheap, and it would therefore involve no great loss to pull them down again.

Can the King Do No Wrong?

THE King can do no wrong, says the Law, but we hear this little story of King George looking in at a cottage on one of his estates.

A boy was puzzling over his homework, and as he seemed puzzled the King asked if he could help, and worked out the answer. Giving the lad a friendly pat on the head, his Majesty went off feeling very pleased with himself. A few weeks later the King again

visited the cottage, where the boy was doing homework as usual. "Well," asked the King, "can I give you a hand again?"

"No, thank you, sir," said the boy. "Oh, I see," said the King, "you have progressed so far that you are now beyond me, eh?"

The boy hesitated a moment, and then said, "No, sir; but you got it wrong last time."

AN OLD SAILOR'S VOYAGE

Home is the Sailor, Home From Sea

Another seaman adventurer has added his name to those who have sailed the oceans singlehanded and come safely home.

Into Newlyn Harbour the seven-ton cutter Girl Kathleen, with Francis Clark of Portsmouth steering, came with the incoming tide in mid-July. He had crossed the Atlantic alone, with only sextant and compass to guide him, in a month and three days, and when he came to port he was almost at the end of his carefully-hoarded rations.

The voyage home was only a part of his adventure. He left his native Portsmouth nearly two years ago, and set out for Charleston, South Carolina. Storms threw him out of his course and he brought up at Savannah, Georgia, where he met with a reception far from hospitable. The authorities declared his papers were not in order, and they thought he might be a pirate, taking him into court and fining him. Eventually some American friends got the fine remitted, but Clark's funds were so reduced that when he set out to find a friendlier port in New York he had little money or food. By the time he got there he was eating dried beans washed down with rain-water.

Caught in a Gale

Having decided that the United States was not a land of hope and glory for him, he decided to come back home in mid-June of this year; but the return journey brought him as many mishaps as the outgoing. He once made 360 miles in 48 hours, but a day or so later, when caught in a south-westerly gale, he was badly jammed against the companionway, and had to lay up for several days.

Then the weather relented and he reached the Bay of Biscay in a calm, with nothing to complain about except that his food was nearly gone. He was in doubt as to his whereabouts, and had to lash the tiller to get some sleep, while hoping for the best.

The best came at last with an English fishing boat which set him on his way near the Scillies. Soon the castle on St Michael's Mount came into his view, and, half famished and with less than thirty shillings in his pocket, he was back home.

A Lad With a Bicycle

When the Archbishop of Canterbury was a young man he invited another young man, older than himself but already a bishop, to pay him a visit at his Highland home.

A coach was sent to meet the visitor at the railway station, but came back without him. The driver, asked where the bishop was, replied, "There was nae bishop; there was only a lad wi' a bicycle."

That, said the Archbishop when he spoke for London at its farewell to its Bishop, was what the Bishop of London always was and would be—a lad setting out on a bicycle to meet eagerly the difficulties of each and every day.

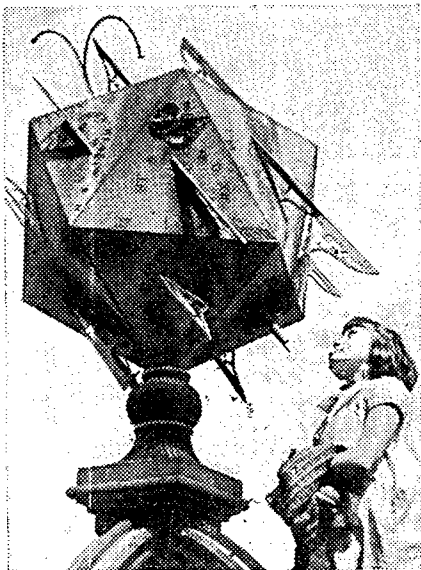
In his 82nd year he is setting out again, on three missionary tours.

THE CRIPPLE'S CAR

Six years ago Mr E. E. Edmonds of Birmingham saw a cripple hobbling along on crutches. He gave the man a lift, and was so impressed by the cripple's story, and by the gratitude he expressed, that he decided to take other cripples in his car.

It was in this way that the Birmingham Cripples Car Circle began. Today there are 200 members, each pledged to take at least two cripples once a month.

We feel sure that this movement has brought great happiness into the lives of hundreds of cripples; and we think it must have made happiness for car owners also.



A sundial in Marsden Park, at Nelson in Lancashire, which shows the time in many of the world's chief cities

THE DOMESTIC CAMEL

A gentleman went to a certain zoo (not the London one) and fed a camel with apples.

The camel ate three apples peaceably, and then began to bite the hand that fed it. It was a serious bite, and the kind gentleman has not yet recovered. So he brought an action for damages against the zoo, but failed, because the evidence went to show (so the judge held) that a camel is not a wild beast at all but a domesticated animal like a horse. When one is bitten by a domestic animal and asks for damages one has to show that the owner knows that his dog or horse or camel is habitually ferocious. The moral appears to be that we should be careful how we offer a hand to a camel.

A LITTLE ELECTRICITY, PLEASE

The other day a little American girl wrote to the General Electric Company in New York asking for "a little sample of electricity, if you can spare it, as we are studying it."

The same little girl visited the New York World's Fair with her school class and was shown as many samples of electricity as possible by electrical engineers. The youngsters were enthralled with Steinmetz Hall, where they were allowed to turn a switch which released 10,000,000 volts of laboratory "electricity." They were taken through the "house of magic" where, merely by passing a hand over a tube of light, the light went out as if by magic! Then by repeating the motion of the hand the light came on again! In the same exciting place one of the girls allowed enough electricity to pass through her arms to light a little lamp.

THE ARTIST AND THE BIBLE

The Dutch school of painting produced many great masters. An exhibition at Amsterdam has just opened containing works by Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Jerom Bosch, Lucas van Leyden, and others. The nature of the exhibition is remarkable. It consists of a hundred pictures and two hundred drawings, etchings, woodcuts, and silverware, all the work of pious Dutch artists who took their subjects from the Bible. All the familiar Bible stories are illustrated here.

Aunt and Uncle

A LEAD in a new kind of charity has been given by a group of grown-up people in Pretoria.

They have built up an organisation (thought to be quite unique throughout the world) which they have called a League of Uncles and Aunts. Their principal function is to take an interest in the lonely inmates of the Pretoria Child Welfare Society's Shelter.

All one has to do to become a member of the league is to undertake to care for, visit, and love the poor waif to whom one is assigned as a nephew or a niece. At the moment there are about 40 members, men and women.

The children living in the shelter are not orphans, but mites who have been

taken from homes where parents are not fit to bring them up decently. The shelter, which is subsidised by the Government, takes care of the children; the Uncle and Aunt Society hopes to supply the sympathy and companionship.

No restrictions are placed on the aunts and uncles; they may handle their charges as they please. Presents and gifts are not forbidden, but it is stressed that they are not essential. At weekends the children are taken by their League "relatives" for outings and picnics.

The ages of the uncles and aunts vary between 17 and 70; the youngest child in the shelter is only eight months old at the time of writing.

POTATOES FOR EVER

It was in the Great War that the nation was told that potatoes were not only cheap but a fine food. The notion that they are starchy and have little or no flesh-forming substances is exploded. Scientists tell us that the potato makes a splendid bread.

Ireland learned that fact long ago, and would have perished entirely but for the timely importation by Sir Walter Raleigh. Irish girls are beautiful, and there are those who hold that it is the potato that gives them their fine complexions.

The Potato Marketing Board has formed a troupe of dancers called the Eight Potato Girls, selected by the Women's League of Health.

The troupe is to tour seaside resorts to advertise the home-grown potato. Lectures and demonstrations will be given and admission to the displays will be free, and the girls will explain that potatoes are their chief food.

A MENDING HOUSE AT BROKEN HILL

One of the most wonderful hospitals in the world is being built at Broken Hill in New South Wales. It will cost about £25,000, and it is to serve an area bigger than the British Isles, being part of the flying doctor service which now almost covers Australia.

The new hospital will serve what are known as the outback regions, patients 500 miles away being hurried by aeroplane to its doors.

A USE FOR WASTE PAPER?

For years scientists have been trying unsuccessfully to find some way of taking the ink out of old newspapers, magazines, and other paper products and make white newsprint from them.

Now Dr F. W. Hochstetter, of Pittsburgh, has invented a method of getting rid of the ink. Demonstrating his process not long ago, Dr Hochstetter showed how, by pouring a chemical which he has developed on to the pulp of inky paper, the ink and impurities separated themselves, leaving the white pulp to be turned into newsprint.

It Happened in John Bunyan's Town

Now it came to pass but a few days ago that Master Angler was walking down High Street in Bedford with a jar of minnows from the river when the string broke.

The jar was smashed and all the little fish lay gasping on the pavement.

At once a company of idle people gathered round, most of them to laugh at Master Angler, who, to tell the truth, was near to crying, having lost, as he thought, all the harvest of a sunny day.

In this plight he looked up, and beheld Miss Kindheart tapping at the window of a shop hard by. The lad understood this to be a sign of reproof, inasmuch as he had littered the pavement with water

and broken glass and fish; but in this he proved to be mistaken, for Miss Kindheart was concerned only for his welfare.

Calling to Master Errands, a whistling fellow that runneth from place to place for others, she bade him go to the rescue of the fish, the which he did without loss of time, running forth from the shop with a bottle half full of water. Into this he and Master Angler did straightway put the silvery fish; and then, the fragments of the glass having been picked up, Master Angler went on his way rejoicing, the idle people dispersed, Master Errands went about his business, and Miss Kindheart continued to dress the window as if nothing had happened.

NEWS FROM SARK

We have all heard the tale of Mohammed and the mountain; well, a similar thing happened at Sark the other day.

A young bull had been entered for the annual show by the Dame of Sark, but when the time came to set out for the show the bull would not budge. Men pulled and pushed in vain; the bull would not move.

The only thing to do was to get the judges to go to the bull, which they did.

The story has a happy ending, for the bull was awarded the King's Cup.

SAFER LANDING

The Curtiss-Wright Corporation of America has taken a step towards making the landing of planes less dangerous by the use of a new kind of propeller.

The innovation is a kind of reverse gear for planes. As soon as a pilot lands he presses a button which alters the pitch of the propeller so that the faster it goes the more it slows up the machine. It thus acts as a brake, making the landing-run shorter. With this new type of propeller many-engined flying-boats will be able to turn round in a very small area, and all flying should be safer.

ONE BREAD FOR ALL ITALY

For the second year in succession the Italian Bread Guild has decided that there is to be only one sort of bread in Italy for all classes. The bread is mainly of wheat, but contains a proportion of maize flour—what we call corn-flour. It is quite a good bread.

This bread law is made to equalise classes in Italy and prevent rich people from gaining at the expense of the poor.

The Italian wheat harvest, after being threatened, is quite good again.

The Bread Guild is a sort of Parliament of Bread. Its members represent every bread interest, from the wheat farmer and worker to the miller, from the miller to the cooperative store or other sellers of bread, from the store to the consumer. The bread parliament thus includes all sections interested; decisions are arrived at quickly and with complete knowledge of the facts.



A ten-foot-high globe used for geography lessons at Swinton Open Air School in Lancashire

A REFUGEE ASSET

The great Bata Shoe Company of Czecho-Slovakia has obtained leave to set up a Bata factory in Ontario.

The Bata Company may bring to Canada 250 of their expert workmen, the remaining 1500 being Canadians. The machinery is already in Montreal and is to be erected in an old paper mill until a new factory can be built.

The firm will create a model village with hospital, church, theatre, and sports ground complete.

The site is at Frankford in Central Ontario, where hitherto, out of a population of 850, there have been 50 families on relief. So there is great rejoicing in Frankford.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 29

1939

Datu Sen and His Paradise

ONCE upon a time, in the age of Constantine, there was a King of Ceylon whose name was Datu Sen.

He decided to construct a vast tank for water, so that the sandy land about his capital might grow food for the people instead of lying waste. The dam he built was six miles long and nearly fifty feet high. It was faced with stone from end to end, and furnished with sluices of the most perfect masonry. One of these sluices supplied a canal of almost sixty miles, which kept the tanks of numerous villages filled with water. The land was transformed. It became a Paradise.

For centuries the people sowed and reaped, watered their lands, and kept in order the canals.

About the time of the Battle of Hastings the dam was broken through; the waters of the lake escaped. Famine stalked through the land. The wilderness returned. The once fertile and happy fields came into the possession of poisonous snakes, wild elephants, leopards, and monkeys. The people perished.

Just over fifty years ago an Englishman, Sir Arthur Gordon, began his great work of restoring the tanks of Datu Sen. The natives regard him as a god. The land is now prosperous.

This brief summary of an old fact in forgotten history must strike everyone in these troublous times as a great parable.

From the beginning of time there has been a vast reservoir of spiritual power irrigating the souls of men. Its living waters flow down from a country far away and invisible to our eyes, emptying themselves through innumerable sluices into each individual soul. All we have to do, in order to receive that living water, is to keep the sluices open.

Why are the minds of so many people as arid as the desert? Whose fault is it that they are unhappy? Living next door to them is one whose mind is like a garden of flowers, who is always happy, always interested, always grateful for the tremendous gift of conscious life. What is the difference between this man and the others? He is fed by the living waters; but they have allowed the sluices of God to become choked with weeds and broken by enemies.

Why are so many nations today full of wretchedness and unrest? It is not that the Lake of Galilee has become dry; it is because they have neglected the canals which conduct the living waters of truth to all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Daily Scandal

WAR rumours and war parades must not blind us to what have become familiar evils.

The war of the roads continues and shows no real sign of abatement; what it spells in misery and bereavement we can only fathom dimly.

In one recent accident a car containing four women collided with a petrol lorry, and all four were killed. All four were wives. All four were mothers. Four homes made desolate at a single blow.

We have yet another Minister of Transport. We wish him success—a success which would reduce to small figures the road tragedies which, day by day, year in and year out, bring sorrow to so many homes. The rate of killing is still little below 20 a day, an abomination and a scandal to any nation.

English For Peace

IT has been pointed out that English is now the language of the Governments of more than six hundred million people and part of the education of every great country.

It is marching on, ready for a peaceful world.

Leaders Must Advertise

HERR ADOLF HITLER cannot keep out of the news, even when he is not doing anything to make our flesh creep. We wonder whether it is the Nazi bureau of propaganda which never sleeps that keeps him in the public view.

How else should we have heard of the mammoth circulation of his book *Mein Kampf*, and the Fuelrer's successful copyright action in America; and how does it come about that every detail of his bolt-hole at Berchtesgaden is laid bare, even to his new green marble lined swimming-bath?

As a British workman was lately reported as saying, "This here Hitler, he's a bit of a fidget, ain't he?"

What's in a Name?

A LAWYER friend has added to our collection of Scottish stories with one from a court at Edinburgh.

Here a case was being tried which turned on the exact interpretation in law of the adjective Scotch. Did it mean something that was Scottish, or something that was made in Scotland?

An old timber merchant was one of the witnesses, and counsel asked him: "Now, if you saw a Scots fir growing on a Surrey hillside, what would you call it?" Said the cautious timber merchant, "I should call it *Pinus sylvestris*."

The Lord Chancellor's Wife and the Fox

ONE of the papers has been recalling the time when Lady Maugham, wife of the Lord Chancellor, protected a fox from the hounds.

She was walking in a wood at Tye when an exhausted fox ran to earth. The hounds and huntsmen came up almost at once, but as the land was her property Lady Maugham sat down on the entrance to the earth and refused to move. The huntsmen begged and pleaded. They said the hounds would never hunt well again if cheated of the kill. They argued and almost threatened the Lord Chancellor's wife, but Lady Maugham remained immovable, and in the end the sportsmen had to go.

We should be glad if England had a few more people who would protect foxes from those whose delight it is to hound a living thing to its death.

The Garage Mind

Seen in the New Forest

A GARAGE, not content with having a gaudy petrol pump, but with a huge picture of the pump to show us that it has them!

JUST AN IDEA

To get a man to be friendly with himself is perhaps the best spiritual advice you can give him.

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If cooks take pot luck

RUBBISH dumps are not fit places for children to play near, says a welfare worker. But the children are never in the dumps.

WE hear of a man who has tired of sowing his wild oats. He is growing sage.

THERE are five cricketing brothers in one family. If you call one is sure to be out.

TOURISTS easily pick up bad habits. But not always their paper bags.

PEOPLE who sleep in the open wake early. But they have their sleep out.

THE day of the horse is over, says a writer. We still have nightmares.

AN Essex boy is ambitious to see a mountain pass. He would be startled if it did.

The Lazy Man

By the Pilgrim

I'VE come here to laze," said the gentleman on the verandah of the hotel. "I'm tired of the office, and I'm tired of doing things and going places. I just want to sit and do nothing."

That is how he spoke, after dinner the other evening, and we smiled as we listened. "So you have no inclination to drive your car?" we asked.

"None whatever."

"And you never dream, of course, of being up early in the morning?"

"The idea would never enter my head."

"And yet," we said, quietly, "it has come to our ears that you were out of bed soon after three this morning; that you helped an old man who has fallen on rather evil days by filling your car with baskets of strawberries, that you drove him and his baskets to Kendal market, arriving before five, and that when he had sold his produce at top price, which he would never have been able to do without your help, you drove him back this afternoon. Now, sir, is this really the way in which a lazy man should spend a holiday?"

To all of which the lazy man replied that if people would not talk so much there would be a bit of quiet for honest folk.

He Who Mounts Eternally

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And Patience! in another life we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.
And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they
Who failed under the heat of this life's day
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well knit and all his battles won,
Mounts (and that hardly) to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold

Be Patient

The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversity. For men are not killed with the adversities they have but with the impatience they suffer.

Cut on the walls of a cell in the Tower

Bulgarian Proverbs

New-coined brass is the proudest. God will give, but He will not carry it home for you.

A fool throws a stone into the sea; a hundred wise men cannot pull it out.

A promise is no sparrow, but let it out, you cannot get it back.

God's works are not finished.

Death speaks the truth.

OLDER THAN MAGNA CARTA

The Fishing Rights of a Devon Harbour

It will surprise most of us to find that there is an English lady who enjoys legal rights older than Magna Carta, rights which that volume of our national and individual liberties could not take away.

A Devon fisherman plying his craft with boat and nets in the harbour at Axmouth was hailed by Miss Stephens, who lives at Stedcombe Manor there, asserting that he was infringing her rights, that the privilege of fishing in the harbour was hers alone.

The matter has been taken to the High Court of Justice, where Mr Justice Bennett has found that her claim is just. Until the passing of Magna Carta our kings had the right to grant the privilege of fishing in tidal waters to whomsoever they pleased, but the Charter annulled that right, and the law has ever since been that we may all fish in British tidal waters. But the right concerning fishing in Axmouth harbour was granted 115 years before the Charter, and it holds good today.

An Ancient Right Never Repealed

It was in the year 1100 that Henry the First granted the fishing rights of the harbour to the Abbey of Montebourg in Normandy, a Benedictine monastery which had a little chapel at Loders in Dorsetshire. The Devon manor with its rights came into the possession of the Crown in the time of Henry the Eighth, who presented it as a wedding gift to Katherine Parr, his sixth wife and his lucky widow.

The manor and its fishery were granted by Edward the Sixth to a member of the Earl family, and Mary Tudor confirmed the grant. Ultimately the estate and fishery came into the possession of the father of Miss Stephens, and were in due course inherited by her.

So, although the public may usually fish anywhere else in tidal waters, here in this little Devon haven survives a privilege granted 839 years ago.

The Smoky Train

The frequent abuse of non-smoking carriages by smokers needs to be severely dealt with; it is one of the things that make railway travelling unpleasant.

Too often it goes unchecked because offended people do not care to make a fuss or incur abuse. On the Southern Railway the other day a passenger took the extreme step of pulling the communication cord to stop the train.

Railway companies should instruct their servants to stop all smoking in non-smoking compartments. It is a great pity that so much encouragement is given to selfish people who smoke everywhere. In America smoking in trains is rare for it is never allowed in the fine wide carriages in common use. If you wish to smoke in an American train you have to go to the rear, where a quite small reservation is made for the smoking fraternity. On our British railways it seems to be assumed that all passengers are smokers, and those who do not smoke are regarded as odd.

Mussolini's Desert

WHY NOT LET IT BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE?

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, who turned the malarial Pontine marshes into wheat fields, has begun a bigger task in making Libya a land fit for Italian peasants and farmers. Libya is to most minds the same as the Libyan Desert, which is second only to the Sahara as a rainless waste perilous to man and beast. But Libya is not all desert, and its deep coastal area bears witness to its fertility and fruitfulness when cultivated by the Roman ancestors of modern Italy. Signor Mussolini has planted 2000 families in these forgotten fields, and, distributing them in well-built villages, has entrusted them with the task of making Libya live again.

A Worthy Task

It is a worthy task, and an ambition on the part of its designer, in which all the world will wish Mussolini well, hoping only that he will seek no other than these pastoral fields to conquer. With favouring fortune he might reap the harvest he is sowing in his lifetime, and see Libya again a prosperous Roman province.

What was done in the past, what is taking place now in the neighbouring territory, between Italian Cyrenaica and Egypt, and what the desert places may become in the future, may be glimpsed from a survey made last year by Professor Frank Oliver on the flowers of Mareotis. Mareotis is the name applied to the coastal strip of the Libyan Desert stretching westward from Alexandria towards Italian Cyrenaica. It contains what is left of the dry bed of Lake Mareotis, which in Greek and Roman times was connected with a branch of the Nile, with traffic of boats and settlements between the towns of Amria and Hammam, now posts on the desert railway south of the lake-bed. The canals between the Nile and the lake silted, and it may be that the land changed its level. But though the water of Lake Mareotis must have been a boon and a blessing to the ancient cultivators, there seems small reason to suppose that the climate has changed or the rainfall diminished in the last 2000 years.

Thousands of Cisterns

Both in ancient and in recent times the fertility of this strip of the Libyan Desert depended on winter rains from the Mediterranean. They are never abundant. Three to four inches in a bad season, ten inches (which is more than in some States of Australia) in a good one is the range, and bumper years are scarce. Yet in olden days, 2000 years ago, the country was famous for its grapevines, olives, and cereals.

When the Arab conquest in the eighth century brought in the Bedouins with their herds and camels there would be an end of hard-working cultivation and of the smallholder. The desert vegetation as well as the cultivated crops would be destroyed, and a good deal of the rainfall would be lost in dry ground.

When the district was cultivated every effort was made to keep the water. In the hills are remains of thousands of cisterns for rain-water storage. They were filled by means of low banks diverting the run-off.

Evidently the rainfall was no more dependable then than now, or the immense labour of constructing so many cisterns would not have been undertaken. Then there are the old vineyards with horseshoe-shaped banks, 12 feet high, enclosing areas of five to ten acres on the slopes of the desert to the south. These banks have their openings directed uphill, and they have a streamline profile to cause the prevailing north winds to pass overhead. These old-time cultivators were careful and knowledgeable men.

What they did can be done again, and done more easily with modern resources. The most cultivable strip is 15 miles deep from the Mediterranean. It is divided into zones, which are all cultivated in a more or less purposeful way. Fig gardens, vineyards, and plantations of date palms with melons and tomatoes in between flourish hardily on the slopes of the outer ridge; and barley fields sown by the Bedouin on the lands on the borders of the lake-bed and the southern ridge, and beyond.

The Garden of Egypt

The Bedouin barley fields are ploughed by wooden ploughs, drawn by donkeys, oxen, and camels, and the crop depends on the winter rains. There are years of failure, but the Bedouin is hopeful. Seeing that he accomplishes so much with such poor material, and small reserves of seed or money, we cannot but wonder what a powerful and well-organised agriculture would do.

In coastal Libya is a task worthy of Signor Mussolini's driving power. Mareotis has been called the Garden of Egypt. Before the barley springs the dry places are covered with a wealth of wild flowers unsurpassed in Europe. The desert blossoms like the rose.

Signor Mussolini could do as much in Libya as the Bedouin in Mareotis, or far more. He could make it the granary of Italy, and the coastal strip with its motor road and railway could be made a North African Riviera. All that he needs is Peace and Progress in place of War and Stagnation, and the choice is his.

Delivery by Air

Four Americans dropped in at Felixstowe R A F station for a very early breakfast one morning.

They had left Botwood in Newfoundland about 15 hours earlier and had been cruising for three hours waiting to alight. Their plane, a Consolidated flying-boat, is the first American-built plane to be delivered to England by air. It has two engines, and an interesting point about the machine is that its stabilising floats can be drawn up to form wing tips when in flight.

This 15-ton flying-boat has a range of 4200 miles. It was built at San Diego in California, and its delivery flight was made in two hops—San Diego to Botwood, 3300 miles, and then to Felixstowe, 2450 miles.

£500,000 WELL SPENT

The National Trust and Its Estates

Subscribers to the National Trust will have found the report for last year of even greater interest than usual.

Only twice before has the area acquired or protected during a year been exceeded, lands at Dunstable Downs and Hindhead especially making 1938 a memorable year. Eskdale's threatened 5000 acres too have been saved from being planted by the Forestry Commission, the appeal fund of £1480 having been successful.

The balance-sheet has an interesting entry in the expenditure on National Trust properties, having only just failed to reach £500,000 by December 31. It must have been a cheerful day early this year when that landmark was reached.

The new properties acquired last year numbered 37, with an acreage of 3000, while over 7100 acres more were protected by covenants. The total properties for England and Wales have now reached 435, with a total acreage actually owned of over 58,000.

In the Lake District

Accompanying the report is a booklet giving a brief description of all the properties now belonging to the National Trust and a series of maps on which the properties are marked. The Lake District's 58 properties are so dominant that they alone would justify the existence of the Trust, on the Lakes map we can plan a 20-mile walk from Loweswater in Cumberland, set foot in Westmorland at the three-shire stone on Wrynose Pass, and then make our way to Hawkshead in Lancashire without leaving national territory secure for ever.

In this booklet is an index of all Trust properties county by county, and we give below the counties that have six or more properties, with the acreage of the estates they own.

County	Number	Acres
Berkshire	16	935
Bucks	12	1633
Cheshire	11	494
Cornwall	22	1401
Cumberland	36	7379
Derbyshire	16	2092
Devon	15	2088
Essex	7	997
Gloucester	17	1717
Hants	22	2403
Herts	9	1819
Kent	20	410
Lancashire	13	4237
London	6	3
Norfolk	6	2012
Somerset	23	10155
Stafford	11	1933
Surrey	45	3849
Sussex	20	1206
Westmorland	24	1374
Wiltshire	9	1614
Worcester	7	687
Yorkshire	8	412

The counties with not more than six Trust properties will, we are sure, be anxious to come into this more fortunate list, and we may hope for a great crusade in such counties as Glamorgan, Lincolnshire, Notts, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, which have only one Trust property, and in Herefordshire, Middlesex, Northants, Northumberland, and Shropshire, with only two. It is almost incredible that Warwickshire, Shakespeare's county, should have only two Trust properties with 61 acres in all.

SALUTE TO THE EVER-YOUNG

The Grand Old Folk of These Days

WHAT grand old gentlemen we have in this country, still active in body and mind, doing splendid work in every field of public and private life!

Mr Chamberlain, who was 70 last March, is a mere boy compared with some of them. Who would believe that the upright and forthright General Sir Bindon Blood, veteran of many campaigns, will be 97 in November? Yet even he cannot show the Crimean



Colonel Crompton

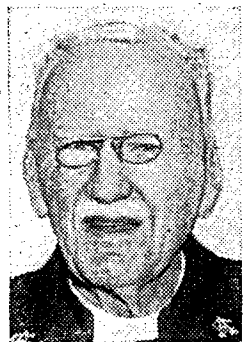
Medal which adorns the breast of Colonel Crompton, one of the greatest electrical engineers this country has ever known, head of a world-wide manufacturing organisation, to which he gives constant attention, though he was

94 last May. Colonel Crompton was a naval cadet at Sebastopol in 1856.

Our friend Prebendary Carlile, Companion of Honour and founder of the Church Army, was 92 last January. He began his career as a prosperous young merchant in the City, gave it up at the age of 30 to enter the Church of England, was ordained at 33, and went straight off into the deepest slums of Westminster to bring help and comfort to the back streets.

Westminster slums in the eighties were one of the blackest spots in our national life, and Mr Carlile took his trombone with him to enliven his open-air meetings at grim street-corners. One of the first things that happened to him was that a man in the crowd threw half a brick, hit him

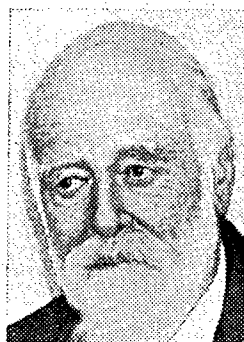
on the head, knocked him unconscious, and nearly killed him; but the man came to him in hospital full of remorse, and insisted on being his body-guard in the future.



Prebendary Carlile

Dr Carlile still has his trombone, and uses it, still travels all over the country on mission-work, still comes regularly from his home at Woking to his headquarters in Bryanston Street.

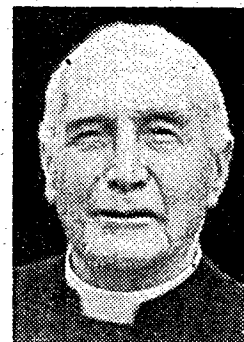
In Blackheath there is living Mr Frederick Mead, the famous magistrate, was 92 on July 22. He had a successful career at the Bar before becoming a Metropolitan Magistrate in 1889. He remained on duty at Marlborough Street from 1907 until 1933, when he retired, very reluctantly, at 86. Mr Mead looks, walks, and talks like a man of 70.



Sir Oliver Lodge

Is any man in the kingdom more honoured than that grand old scientist Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most unspoiled characters who has ever adorned our public life? Sir Oliver, who has just passed his 88th birthday, is still doing splendid work for his fellows, with a shining faith in the essential goodness of humanity.

Sir Thomas Barlow, that great physician, 94 in September, is active and alert as ever. Sir Frank Swettenham, who played an outstanding part in the creation of our wealthiest Colony (Malaya), has been married at the age of 89. Sir Arthur Holbrook, the newspaper-proprietor, is the same age; and he is the father of that notable hero Commander Norman Holbrook, who won the V C with his submarine exploits in the Dardanelles, and of five other sons distinguished in public service.



Dr Winnington-Ingram

Dr Winnington-Ingram, the only 20th century Bishop of London so far, a post from which he retires in September, plays a fine game of tennis in his 82nd year.

Sir Reginald Blomfield, R A, one of our foremost architects, is still working at 82. Mr Ben Davies, the beloved Welsh tenor is thinking of writing his reminiscences at 80. John Burns, a famous politician, who has allowed himself to be forgotten, goes about in the coldest winter weather without an overcoat, though he is 80.

On the heights of Highgate lives little Mr G. B. Burgin, uncle of our Minister of Supply; he is 83, and he has had 120 novels published, many of them best-sellers. Never was a merrier man or a man who believed more deeply in the good world coming, and he is hard at work. And, of course, there is always Mr Bernard Shaw, spoiling himself by his buffoonery and by not loving his country over much;

yet he has lived to be the oldest cynic in the world, aged 83 this week.

Perhaps we should also mention a few of Britain's Grand Old Ladies—

Mrs Despard, the pioneer of women's suffrage, for example. She is well on towards becoming a centenarian, but keeps a close and eager touch with public life. She lives in Ireland, but suffragists here keep her birthday with tributes of honour and affection.

Another famous lady, though not so old, is Dame Ethel Smyth, one of our greatest composers, and also a brilliant and amusing writer. She is about the same age as Mr W. W. Jacobs, whose comedy stories of sailor life have been known all over the world for nearly half a century.

Dame Ethel made an opera from one of them.

Yet another old lady ever young is Miss Ethel Walker, the painter whose work is as well known in Paris as in London. She is over 70. So is Mrs Sarah

Grand, the novelist whose Heavenly Twins caused such a storm in 1883.

Grand Old Ladies and Gentlemen of Britain, we salute you!



Mr W. W. Jacobs

A BOY'S WIRELESS STATION—The Amateur and the World

We have asked one of our boy friends at the other side of the world to tell us about his wireless station, from which he can speak to anybody who is listening. This is what he sends us.

MANY people in these days think that broadcasting is the most important application of wireless.

Those who own an all-wave receiving set, however, must hear hundreds of stations, on the short waves, transmitting morse code which may come from ships at sea, police transmitters, news bulletins, or from many other sources. Jammed in among all these the Radio Amateur will be found.

These amateur or experimental stations will be heard operating in narrow regions (or bands, as they are called) in the vicinity of 160, 80, 40, 20, 10, and 5 metres. The majority of these stations operate on the 40 and 20-metre bands, and many listeners must wonder what these stations are, and why they are operating.

Amateur stations are in most cases privately owned, and are licensed by the Post Office to carry out experimental work.

In the world today there are over 70,000 such stations, and every night (and often in the daytime) many of them can be heard talking with one another all over the world. Most of the stations use morse for communicating with each other, and therefore the average listener cannot understand them, but there are many who use speech, although its use is forbidden in some countries.

Few people realise that they owe modern radio largely to the amateurs, who did much to advance radio in its early days. The great part that these early experimenters played was the development of the short waves, which were then considered useless for communications. By short waves we mean those wave-lengths below 200 metres, now used so extensively for long-distance communication. The amateurs found that it was possible to communicate over much greater distances than were ever before dreamed of when using short wave-lengths, and in November 1923 two of them succeeded in talking with each other across the Atlantic on a wave-length of 110 metres.

Of course, on hearing of this feat dozens of commercial companies, seeing the merit of using these wave-lengths, flocked to the 100-metre region, and so the amateur was forced to operate on still shorter wave-lengths, only to find that they could communicate over far greater distances. The amateurs have now been allotted bands in which they are allowed to continue their experimental work.

Although experimental work is the chief use of amateur radio today, there are other sides to this hobby, for in times of emergency, such as floods and earthquakes, when regular channels of communication are often destroyed, the amateur has been of great value in keeping touch with the outside world, having helped in over 100 emergencies in America, and in many other emergencies outside that country—such as in the great bush fires in Australia.

Some of the most noteworthy emergencies in which the radio amateurs were of assistance have been the New Zealand and Nicaraguan earthquakes in 1931, also floods in California and Texas in 1932, and the 1937 Ohio River valley flood.

During the bush fires in Australia, when all the telegraph lines were broken by falling trees and so on, some Adelaide radio amateurs took a portable station to the scene of the fire and kept up communication with the city, so that people were able to send for the necessary material to fight the fire.

In the Navy and Air Force also the amateurs are of assistance, as they furnish a reserve of trained wireless operators, and quite recently in England civilian wireless reserves, consisting of many radio amateurs, have been formed by both the Navy and Air Force.

Besides the experimental value of amateur radio, and its value to the public in times of emergency, it is one of the most exciting of all hobbies. Everyone must have experienced the thrill of hearing a distant station, but the thrill of actually talking with these distant points is far greater, and by aid of this wonderful hobby friendships are made between people living in all corners of the earth. This is probably the part of radio which appeals most of all to the thousands of amateurs who operate today.



THE SHEPHERD IN THE MOUNTAINS

Among the snow-tipped Alpine peaks the Swiss shepherd tends his flocks, a peaceful scene in the heart of troubled Europe.

GOODBYE TO AN EARLY TRAIN

Puffing Billy of the Twopenny Tube

A very old train has made its last journey and gone into the museum where good trains go.

This train is no real Puffing Billy like George Stephenson's, for it is only some 40 years old, yet progress has been so great in our time that it has gone into the museum at the Wood Lane depot of the Central London line; it is a veteran of underground travel because it was one of the first to run on what was named the Twopenny Tube.

The Twopenny Tube was not the first railway of the kind. Before it was the City and Stockwell Electric Railway which jolted along for a few miles in smaller tubes than those of today. It was thought a notable achievement in 1890, and its 10-foot tunnel certainly ran under the Thames.

Forty Years Ago

But a good idea cannot be kept down, and ten years later, when the Central London Railway was opened from the Bank to run east-to-west through London, charging twopence for any distance, someone joyfully named it the Twopenny Tube, and so it long remained.

Forty years it has now been running, and when we stepped into one of the original trains the other day we could well believe it. But now that particularly ancient train has gone to join the remnants of the others at the Wood Lane depot. It was driven by one who had been driving tube trains back and forth since the line was opened by the future King Edward the Seventh. One of the cars of the last train to go was in the first royal train to make the journey, and it is quite likely that the prince travelled in it.

A clanking journey that was, though a great advance on what had gone before. The tubes were 12 feet wide instead of ten (and later tubes were sometimes 16 feet), and London preened itself in pride at being able to go from the City to the Marble Arch in 20 minutes for twopence.

From Ruislip to Ongar

How many millions of Londoners have made the journey since, who can say? What changes they have seen, and how many memories there are of crush hours and straphanging and other hardships, first welcomed, then patiently endured!

But progress waits for no one. The passengers have learnt to grumble at the accommodation, the cramped quarters, and even at the noise, so sensitive have we all grown. The Central line is living up to the new era. For two years past the engineers have been relaying the line. It is to be extended both ways, westward to Ruislip, eastward to Ongar. Escalators will take the passengers up and down, signalling will be improved, and newer electric locomotives installed.

And now the first locomotive and the first train share the Wood Lane Museum between them.

C. B. Fry to Any Boy

EVERY ONE MATTERS

All the world knows Commander Fry, and every boy loves him. C N readers are his mates, and he will tell us how to play the game.

THE first point I want you to get into your heads is how tremendously important you are, every one of you.

I do not mean important for what you are at the moment as you stand in your shoes; I mean important for what you can make yourselves—for what you can become—with a bit of effort and the joy of work.

It is a very simple truism, a truth so obvious that all can see it, that the world is made up of nations, and nations are made up of individuals. No nations, no human race; no individuals, no nations. Quite simple. So the world depends on the individual. It absolutely does.

The standard, the greatness of the human race, sits in the individual; in what he makes himself. Lots of people, great men some of them, have tried other ways to improve mankind and raise humanity nearer to the Divine, but there is only one way. We must lift the individual, and in the end that means that the individual must lift himself.

Neglect of this truth does immeasurable harm, because it is the absence of a conscious responsibility for his own progress in the individual that stops the progress of the world. It does, I tell you. Freeze on to that: it is the frozen truth.

Each one of you is vitally important. On what you are yourselves depends the quality of the world. Often at an election only about half the voters vote. Why? Because so many people think, "I don't matter; I'm only one." Yet, on that basis, the very candidate the people most wanted as their member might get no votes at all; not one.

Individual responsibility, and act up to it—that is the great secret. *Acting up to it, mind.*

It is *your* money the good world wants—yours; not, of course, your gross material pennies, but the fairy gold of your heart and mind. You cannot coin pennies; you would be run in by the policeman if you did; but the golden sovereigns of the soul—ah! that mint is wholly yours.

I am not evolving hot air. I am giving you cold, hard facts. Learn the lesson of this truth now: do not put it off. Now is the time. You will never have so good a chance. What I am presenting to you is the right end of the stick.

And now, for the time being, just chew this *and* digest it. Write it out, big hand; stick it up on your bedroom wall, so that you see it when you wake and just before you douse your light at turn-in:

Nobody can grow for another;

No; not one.

Nobody can learn for another;

No; not one. C. B. F.

Blundell's Devon

BLUNDELL SCHOOL has been doing a fine piece of work, for its boys have been busy surveying Devon. Some of their work has been put on view at Tiverton, where many grown-ups were instructed by their juniors.

We have read Arthur Mee's Devon, but here is quite a different examination of this famous bit of old England. The boys of Blundell's have tested for oil, made a model of their own county showing ancient watercourses, and prepared the first historical-sequence maps of the county.

Very wonderful pieces of work the maps are. They show graphically

some of the changes that have occurred since history came to be written. Here is a kind of Domesday survey, with the positions and valuations of all manors since 1066. One map has in it every known building in Devon four years after Trafalgar; another shows the areas held by the gentry in 1845; and another the grouping of the parcels of land as they are today, an interesting contrast.

We feel sure that the boys of Blundell's will not only know more of Devon than ever before, but that they will love their county more, now that they have learnt so much about it.

A Peace Film of the Mediterranean

A VERY fine French film has been shown in a few cinemas here. It is called *On Guard in the Mediterranean*, but the picture is concerned not with enmity but with mutual aid, with men at their best.

Three ships are anchored in Tanger—a French, a British, and a German destroyer, and the three commanders have given their men shore leave, with strict instructions against rowdiness.

Trouble arises. It is not the different temperaments of the sailors, however, which cause serious tension between the officers, but a murder committed at the instigation of the owner of a tramp steamer which is smuggling a new and potent poison gas.

The truth about the cargo boat is discovered, and the French destroyer, with the British and German officers on board as liaison officers, is ordered to follow her, but on no account to fire,

owing to the peculiar nature of the poison gas carried by the smuggler.

The owner of the smuggler, fearing that his crew will desert him once they know the truth about his voyage, pumps out the gas, which spreads dangerously across the sea. Thrill follows thrill as events move swiftly, and the German and English officers risk their lives in company with their French comrades to save a liner full of French civilians. United in a common purpose, they exhibit equal courage.

That is how we like to think of men. Sailors of all nationalities feel a common bond in their struggles with the sea, and are always ready to help each other in emergency. When the German battleship was bombed in the Balearics on patrol duty, and the wounded Germans taken to Gibraltar, they were tenderly cared for as a matter of course.

JAPAN HARD PRESSED

Conscription of Gold Spectacles

Japan has a bill of £300,000,000 to meet this year on account of her attack on China.

For a small country this is a great deal of money, and she is having difficulty in finding it all. Many are the unusual ruses she has adopted to economise the use of metals or to bring in more gold.

Old razor blades are melted down and thousands of iron covers to manholes have been replaced by wooden ones.

The latest decree requires everyone to report any gold in his possession: all rings, hair ornaments, bracelets, spectacle rims, watch cases, cuff-links, cigarette cases, cups, bowls or table service, candlesticks, incense burners, paper-weights, pen-knives. Jewellers are requested to make no more articles of this metal, and shops are not to display it.

Drastic Measures

These drastic measures are, indirectly, *for us*, for Japan needs this gold to pay for war materials which she must buy abroad—from the British Empire, the United States, and Holland. Canada supplies nine-tenths of all the aluminium she requires, and all her asbestos. Malaya sends two-thirds of her rubber and nine-tenths of her tin.

Japan has two other ways of securing the gold she needs to pay for materials to massacre the Chinese. She can dig it from her gold mines in Formosa and Korea, at the rate of about £11,000,000 a year, or she can secure it from us and other foreign countries by selling her goods to us.

We study these facts and figures, and wish with all our hearts that President Roosevelt had been able to carry out his suggestion to quarantine aggressor nations, for truly all who touch a country that is dealing death and destruction become contaminated with death and destruction themselves. Short of absolute boycott there is no other way out.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of July 1914

A Great Day for Birds. Mr Handel Booth, a member of Parliament, organised a race for pigeons owned by friends at Pontefract and Otley. The birds were taken in travelling baskets to London, released outside the Houses of Parliament, and allowed to fly back to their homes. Mr Booth himself tried to race the birds by train.

At a quarter to ten in the morning 140 pigeons were let loose in London, and Mr Booth jumped into a motor-car, raced to the station, and took train to Doncaster. He arrived there at eight minutes past one, and immediately set out in a swift motor-car for Pontefract, 15 miles away. He reached Pontefract at a quarter to two, but he was too late, for some of the pigeons were waiting for him, having arrived at half-past one!

It was a fine triumph for the homing pigeons. They had covered the journey from London to Pontefract, 173 miles, in three and three-quarter hours, and had beaten the finest artificial movers yet devised for travel on land.

NEW CHINA OF THE WEST ON ITS UNCONQUERABLE WAY

JAPAN faces in China more Generals than Chiang Kai-Shek. She has to deal with General Plague, General Flood, and General Exhaustion.

The Chinese retreating before the Japanese armies ruined the country as they went, and this "scorched earth" policy prevents the Japanese from living off the country through which they advance. But in spite of scorched earth and burned buildings the Japanese have seized the cities and important railway lines of North China, and have pushed their lines up the Yangtse Valley to Hankow. The Japanese conquest of China is measured by 1000 miles from north to south, and 100 miles from east to west.

What next? When, nearly a year ago, Hankow and Canton, the two ends of Chiang Kai-Shek's railway supply line fell, and supplies of munitions from Hong Kong were cut off, it was said the Japanese had all but won the war. *All but.* When Canton was about to fall 900,000 of its civilians, remembering the murderous sack of Nanking by the Japanese, left the city before the

barbarians came. It was one of the most astonishing treks in history, and it heralded the removal of the best of Old China to a New China, which every day becomes more impenetrably out of Japanese reach.

Chiang Kai-Shek removed the capital of the New China to Chungking in inner Szechwan.

A Broadcaster who had been responsible for conveying medical supplies to Chiang Kai-Shek's forces, recently described the strength of the Chungking position, and also one of the roads by which the medical supplies travelled. This is the road, 1000 miles long (already described in the CN) which runs through forest, over mountain and river and valley, from Szechwan to British Burma and ends on the Bay of Bengal.

Other roads to replace the lost railway lines have been kept open from Yunnan to French Indo-China, and the old Imperial Highway has been rebuilt across the deserts of Sinkiang to the Soviet border. To prevent the further advance of the Japanese towards Chiang Kai-Shek's new China, many hundreds of miles

of other roads in Hunan and Kiangsi have been destroyed. A Japanese advance in force would now have to be made not only over a "scorched earth" but a roadless one.

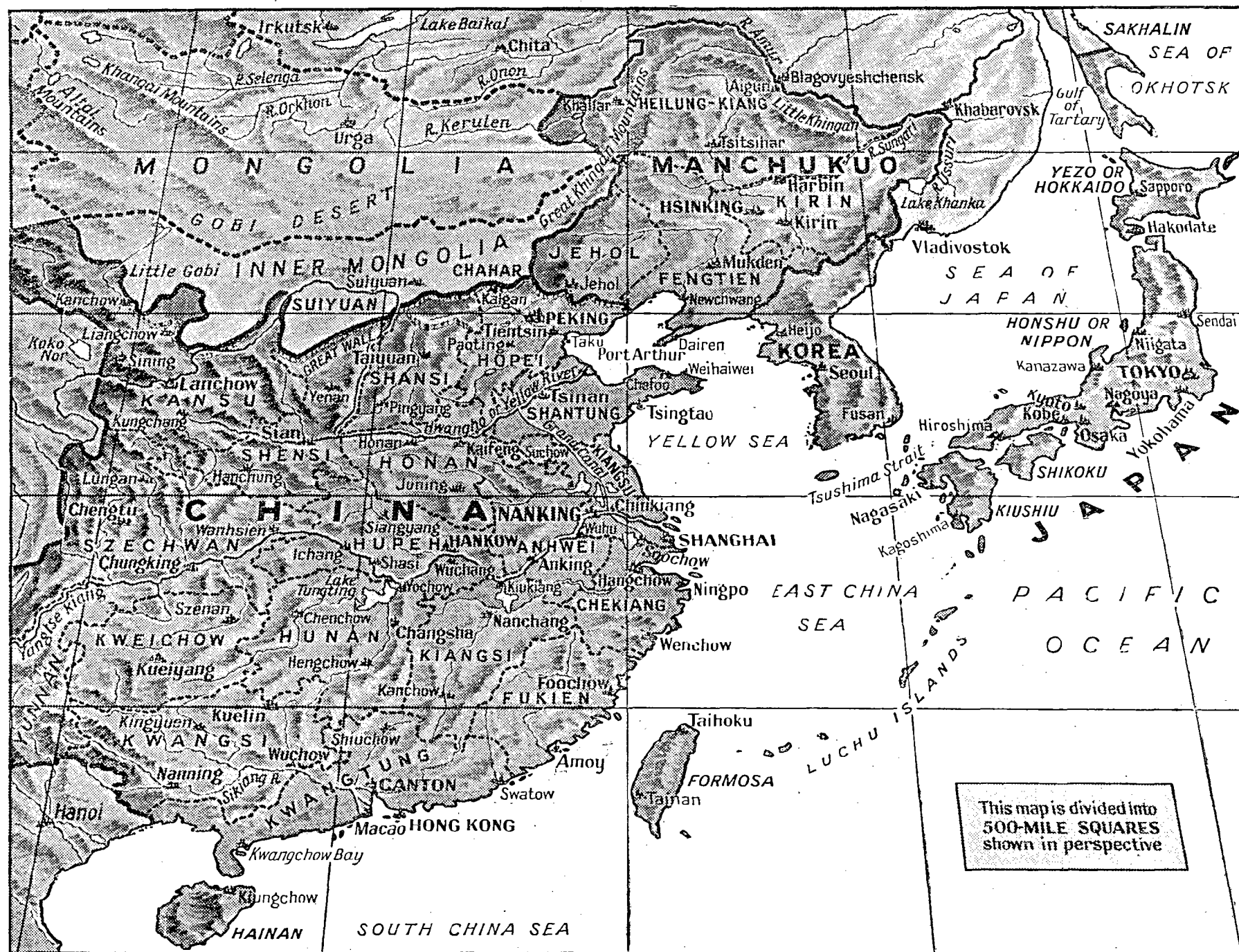
Behind this gateless barrier the New China is being consolidated. It can depend on rice, wheat, barley, millet, beans, sugar cane, and cotton from Szechwan, a province as big as Poland and nearly as big as Germany, and there are cattle ranges and orchards in Kweichow, and iron and coal, tin and copper, in neighbouring Yunnan. Here are the materials for a self-supporting new Republic, which, if it cannot lay hold of all the war material it needs for the millions of the Chinese New Style Army in the making, can carry on a new industrial and agricultural life, till the Japanese drop under General Exhaustion.

Under the pressure of necessity the Chinese have done more than pick up their beds and pots and pans, they have walked westwards with their factories. Industrial equipment was moved into the interior from Shanghai in the early days of the

war. This was only a beginning of the great industrial and cultural migration. At one stroke factories, colleges, and government have been transplanted to the heart of a continent from its ancient seats of learning and industry.

The migration was in the hands of Dr Oong Wen-hao, who once studied geology and mining in Belgium. By the beginning of this year he had supervised the transportation of 64 machine shops, 18 electrical plants, 22 chemical plants, five glass factories, seven cotton mills, twelve printing plants, and four shipyards for building boats on the Upper Yangtse. It would not have taken much effort if there had been railroads to move the 25,000 tons of machinery, but it was carried by coolies for hundreds of miles.

That in a sentence shows how the New China is putting its back into it. At Chungking, Chiang Kai-Shek's new capital, there are 140 factories and the beginnings of new Chinese universities. The peasantry of this remote west are turning from their fields to factories. New China is well on its unconquerable way.



THE FAR-FLUNG BOUNDARIES OF CHINA AND THE LITTLE ISLANDS OF THE JAPANESE INVADERS

A TREE FOR THE YEAR 2939

Giant Growing Up With a City

An important little tree is growing in a sheltered part of the shrubbery at the beautiful railway station in Auckland, New Zealand's seaport city.

It is a kauri sapling that has grown about seven feet in five years and is now nine feet high. It has a long way to grow before it is as big as Tane Mahuta, the goliath of big kauri trees, which is considered to be at least 1200 years old.

The kauri pine is one of the slowest-growing trees in the world, as well as one of the biggest when full-grown. Trees now being felled to provide the valuable kauri timber were growing long before even the brown-skinned Maoris landed in New Zealand centuries ago.

One wonders what will become of this little kauri sapling that has been planted in the heart of Auckland City. It is about ten years old; Auckland City is only 99. If the kauri tree is not disturbed it should still be growing in the year 2939. By that time Auckland, one of the youngest cities in the world, will be as old almost as London is today.

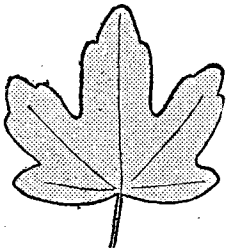
We are all growing up. Even the slow-growing kauri trees and the young cities of the New World are growing in strength and vigour.

The Leaves of the Trees

Look at a leaf, so marvellously made. It toils not, neither does it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

English Maple. This tree is to be found in the hedges round London and elsewhere. Countrymen call it Dog Oak. It has small blunt-tipped vine-shaped leaves, which turn brilliant yellows and orange reds in autumn. The twigs are often covered with quaint barky ridges; and from them you can make quaint little human figures in all kinds of costumes, which look particularly striking if painted in bright colours—tall soldiers, dumpy old women, Queen Elizabeths, and smart Spaniards. It seldom has the chance to show its full beauty, as it is usually trimmed into hedges; but it can be a lovely small tree. There is no better tree for the lawn of a small garden, for though small it grows into quaint and "ancient" shapes and is full of "character." It is our edition of the lovely Japanese Maple; smaller and more refined than the big maple called the sycamore.

The Girl Guides of Bangor, in North Wales, have organised a weekly litter-clearing service round Lake Ogwen during the summer.



A Grain of Wheat and Ould Ireland

A STRAW will show which way the wind is blowing, and a grain of wheat may cause a revolution in our knowledge.

A small clue helps a detective to lay hands on a criminal; a broken piece of bone may enable a scientist to reconstruct an animal which became extinct millions of years ago; and a fragment of pottery is all an antiquarian needs to declare with some degree of certainty how people lived thousands of years ago. Now we find that a grain of wheat has upset old theories and given us new ones.

It was found far below the present surface of an island of Baronscourt Lake in County Tyrone. The spot belongs to the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, and the important grain of wheat was brought to light by archaeologists who found it some yards below the foundations of a prehistoric settlement. The island was once the stronghold of a people who lived in the New Stone Age of perhaps 4000 years ago, and

it had always been thought that the early inhabitants of the land were hunters and fishers only. On this assumption their civilisation has been pictured with great detail.

But this grain of wheat at once shatters old ideas. These people, we must assume, knew something of farming. They had at any rate some idea of agriculture, which means that they were settled on the land, that they ploughed in expectation of harvest, and that, having gathered wheat into barns, however primitive, they baked bread on hot stones. All this means that their daily life was different from what had been imagined. They were more settled and probably much more civilised than had been thought.

One grain of wheat seems a small foundation upon which to build so much, but the experts have no hesitation in saying that this discovery very largely alters old notions about the early history of Ireland, and gives us an entirely new conception of life there 40 centuries ago.

Penny Meals For the Japs

JAPAN has made preparations for weathering a national emergency that might cut off her supplies of food from abroad by planning a national diet made up entirely of Japanese products and costing 2½d a day for each person—two full meals at a penny each and a small meal for ½d.

These meals, planned so as to give adequate nourishment and enable workers to carry on their jobs, are actually being used now in some districts where factory owners draw food for their employees from large food distribution centres where rations are issued along these lines. The workers are not obliged to eat these economy meals, but as they are both cheaper and better than their ordinary food many of them prefer to do so.

To reach these results over 6000 possible foods have been experimented with by the Government Institute for Nutrition during the past ten years.

Over 200 experts have been employed on the task under the direction of Dr Tadasu Saiki, who has sometimes made himself ill in the course of the experiments. He suffered considerably, for example, before he discovered how water snakes could be prepared so that they become fit for human consumption. His experiments have led to the elimination of waste. Fish heads, bones, and skins that were once discarded are now dried, ground up, and used as part of the army's rations.

An intensive campaign is going forward to educate the women of Japan in the proper use of the cheaper home-grown foods so that the whole nation will be ready to limit itself to penny meals, should the need arise.

But it is not only on the food front that Japan is practising economy. Even matches have been shortened, so saving thousands of pounds' worth of valuable timber each year!

A Duck in the News

SINCE Donald Duck became a kinema actor his relations all over the world have been basking in reflected glory.

The other day a distant cousin of Donald's, Master Muscovy Duck of Senekal, in the Orange Free State, showed that he, too, could make front page news.

Muscovy Duck's adventures began when he and three other ducks were taken from their farm to Maritzburg in Natal, 300 miles away, where they were given a new home and introduced to a new companion, a dog, which immedi-

ately proceeded to teach them who was master by chasing them round the yard. His three companions were not unduly insulted by this indignity, but Muscovy Duck is made of more heroic stuff, and decided that this was no place for him.

Quacking Goodbye to his intimidated companions, he flew over the fence and disappeared. Four days later, having flown 75 miles a day, a very tired duck arrived at his old home in Senekal, much to the farmer's astonishment. Muscovy Duck had seen enough of the outside world.

KING ALFRED'S ENGLAND

Berkshire's Own Volume

We take these reviews of the Berkshire volume of the King's England books, the New Domesday Book of ten thousand towns and villages now being prepared in the C.N. office and published by Hodder & Stoughton. The Berkshire volume is the 21st, so that the Domesday Book reaches its majority.

Berkshire, latest addition to the King's England series, is another notable book in praise of England, as distinguished as its predecessors. The history of King Alfred's county, its scenic beauties, and its features of note are recorded, but in addition to covering these aspects Arthur Mee has captured something of the spell that lingers in this county of enchantment.

Leicester Evening Mail

Arthur Mee's Berkshire is a magnificent and compelling book, and there is nothing to compare with it in the story it has to tell of the thousand and more years of history wrapped up in the Berkshire hills. Mr Mee is an attractive guide, and his book has aptly been described as a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance.

Reading Standard

Mr Mee describes Berkshire as Alfred's own country, and he writes attractively and enthusiastically about the various parts of the county. Nearly all the villages of North Berkshire have some interesting associations, and this book will be of value to motorists who wish to tour the county, as well as to school-children, who will not find the history tedious.

North Berks Herald

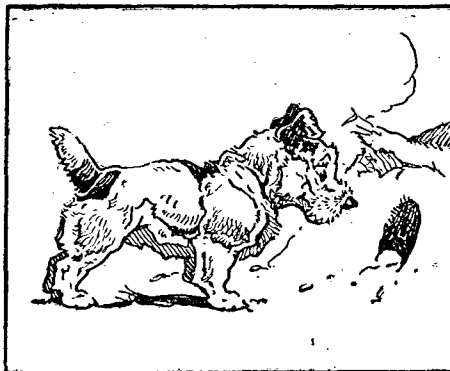
Whether you are a native or a foreigner to this delightful county, you will find Arthur Mee's book a work of entrancing beauty—from simple to exquisite (yet not extravagant) description of the many lovely places to be found in this part of England. Fascinating in all its aspects, it brings home to one the beautiful scenes to be found in this country, and one is tempted to ask why from the purely artistic point of view one should find it necessary to leave the British Isles to enjoy relaxation on holiday. Mr Mee has contributed a valuable addition to the history of the county, and all Berkshire people should find great enjoyment in reading the book.

Evening Advertiser, Swindon

The Old Armchair

When Mrs Mary Flood, aged 70, left her old home in Birkenhead for the last time the other day she told her neighbours they could have her bits of furniture. They took what they wanted, but left an old armchair because it was too dilapidated. A few hours later Derek Cassidy was playing in the deserted house when he noticed something sticking out of the seat; he pulled it out, and found a bundle of £1 notes, 131 of them. Later the police found Mrs Flood, who appeared as surprised as everyone else on hearing the news.

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie



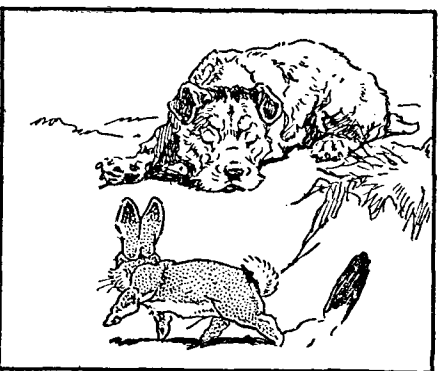
"Ah! a rabbit hole"



"I'll have him as he comes out"



"I'm getting tired of waiting"



Master Rabbit tiptoes by

A Harry Rountree Strip

MARS AS A REPLICA OF THE EARTH

His Geographical Features Compared

By the C.N. Astronomer

Mars will appear some way to the south of the Moon on Sunday evening next, July 30, and so may be readily identified. The Moon's radiance will considerably dim the planet's brilliance for the next few evenings, but in any case the lustre of Mars will soon fade, because the Earth has now passed him.

During the next month the Earth's distance from Mars will increase by an average of 230,000 miles a day, but throughout the autumn Mars will remain the nearest world to us—excepting the Moon—and the chief object of interest to astronomers trying to solve the controversial problems he presents.

It is a singular coincidence that over no object in the heavens has there raged such a war of words as over this



The Western Hemisphere of Mars as at present tilted toward the Earth, and showing his dark Solis Lacus in the centre

celestial symbol of strife. Astronomers have been divided for over half a century into two distinct camps, contending about the so-called "canals" and the presence of intelligent life.

A good telescopic view of Mars resembles the Earth, with undoubted geographical features such as bays, capes, isthmuses, and so on, though with very differently shaped continents. Most of these features are permanent. There are also what appear to be bluish-grey seas, or water areas, which are less extensive than our own, while, on the other hand, the orange-tinted continental masses, which give Mars his reddish tint, are very large in proportion. These are the broad light areas in our picture of the Western Hemisphere of Mars, as it is now tilted toward us, revealing his South Polar Snow Cap: last week's picture of his Eastern Hemisphere can be used for comparison. These pictures show Mars without the clouds, which are always present and alter, more or less, the apparent configuration of the planet and, sometimes, even the reddish tint of Mars.

The Changing Seasons

These orange-tinted areas, which occupy a very large proportion of the "tropical belt" of Mars, are regarded as desert regions, and they change but little; it is far otherwise with the shaded portions. If the progress of the Martian seasons be studied closely from spring to summer and thence to autumn considerable change is seen to take place both as to the extent and colour of these shaded belts, which occupy about three-eighths of the surface.

Now, it is known that this is not all sea; only certain deeply tinted bluish-grey portions which are permanent features and relatively small are undoubtedly seas. An example in the picture is the Aurorae Sinus to the right of the centre; this is just about the size of the North Sea. The Mare

IS IT FACT OR FANCY?

Who Knows a Water Dowser?

Since Shakespeare's time, and perhaps long before, people have believed in the power of certain individuals to find water, mineral deposits, or even lost coins, with a divining rod, a forked stick cut from hazel, willow, or holly.

These persons are called dowsers, and miners in Saxony have used their method to find new mines; farmers in the south of France have used it to find water and buried treasure; many mines in Cornwall are supposed to have been located by dowsers. Belief in these powers was strong in Somerset and in Wiltshire in great-grandfather's time.

But belief in dowsing has never been universal. There has always been the doubting Thomas ready to attribute an occasional success to chance. There has been no check on the evidence in its favour which has often been mere hearsay, and the profession is naturally attractive to charlatans.

The Mists of Superstition

The Glenfield Gazette, published by a firm of water engineers, is now trying to bring this question out of the mists of superstition that have for so long surrounded it, and to find out how much real basis there is for relying on dowsing when more orthodox methods fail. They would like to hear from water engineers and others who have had personal experience of successful water divining in order to prepare a report on the status of the art in England today.

Now that a voice from the other side of the world can speak to us from a little box, and a scene a thousand miles away appear before our eyes on a little screen, it may well be worth while to examine again our earlier disbelief in the power of some individuals to act as extra-sensitive "receiving sets" for the vibrations of water or metals, for it is undoubtedly still true that

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

We congratulate the water engineers on their open-minded attitude toward their rivals.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 83 the two nearest and correct entries were sent in by Isobel Fullerton, 8 Craibstone Avenue, Stoneywood, Aberdeenshire; and Ian Jack Hall, 9 Hesse Road, Sheffield. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of cameras were awarded to the following:

Elsie Allwood,* Torquay; Eileen Brownlee, Harrow; Ronald Carter, Lancaster; B. Eassey, Cratfield, Suffolk; Gertrude E. Gordon, Edinburgh; H. Henson, Watford; Grace Holland, Mitcham; Mildred Langton, Edgeware; Harold John Lownds, Birtford-on-Trent; Kathleen Norris, Torquay; Joy Osborne, North Cheam; Estrid Piggott, Prestbury; Gordon W. Richards, Southport; Vera Simmons, Tunbridge Wells; June Weeks, Eastcote.

The prizewinner whose name is marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and is awarded half-a-crown in addition to the camera.

The correct answers were:

Dibber. Dog kennel. Dovecote. Flower-pot. Trowel. Trug (basket). Watering-can. Wheelbarrow.

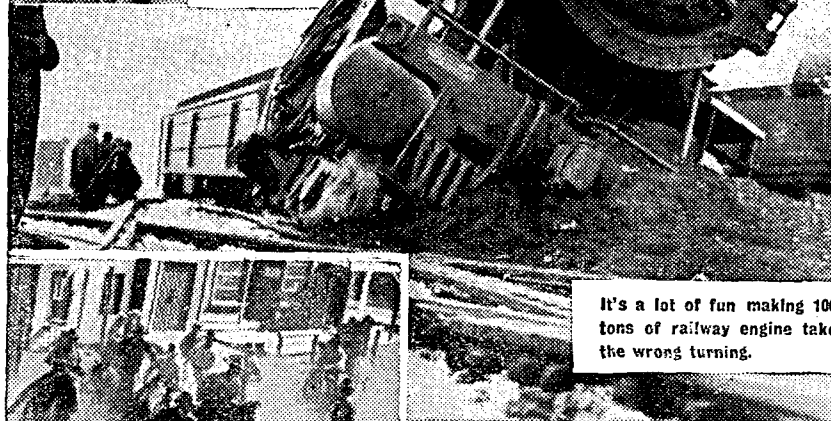
Continued from the previous column

Sirenum is on the extreme left. On last week's picture the dark wedge-shaped area curving upwards is the Syrtis Major, another permanent sea. There are several others, but all are small, while the intervening stretches of lighter shaded areas are those which vary in tint and extent with the progress of the Martian seasons. But these regions have a curious way of developing, and here is the crux of the problem about which astronomers differ so much. This must be left for next week. G. F. M.

IT'S TOUGH WORK BEING A TRAIN WRECKER!



Famous British Film Director MILTON ROSMER
who made 'THE GREAT BARRIER,' tells you how film men keep going



No fake studio stuff about these boys. The real thing for them—however tough.

And here's what schoolgirl **BETTY HILLS** of Westcliff says about Cadburys

'Swimming, diving, hockey and music are things I am best at. Mother often gives me a block of Cadburys to eat during the "break" at school. She says it is good for me and gives me energy—and I DO know that it tastes good.'

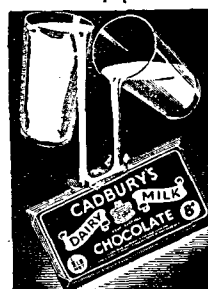


'We wrecked trains and dynamited whole hillsides to make the "Great Barrier." The C.P.R. co-operated with us wholeheartedly. In all we spent 15 weeks in the Rockies—mainly around Lake Louise. But often we were filming several hours' travel away from the nearest possible base. We often started out at 4 or 5 in the morning, trekking through forests and up mountains for hours—and that before we even started work! It was pretty hard going—and the food problem was often worrying. So I never set out without some Cadburys Milk Chocolate in my pocket. It was easy to carry, pleasant to eat and satisfied the worst hunger.'

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU UP TO YOUR JOB

CADBURYS Milk Chocolate is cram-full of nourishment—'cream-full' in fact, with a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in every half-pound as well as the high food value of the chocolate itself. Whenever work or games makes you tired and

you get that empty feeling, remember that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is more than something that's nice to eat—it's the finest energy snack known. And it's so handy—just slip a 2d. block into your pocket or satchel. Get a block of Cadbury's to-day.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

BRIGHT ALEC

Complete Story by
T. C. Bridges

Swithin's Stones

CHAPTER 1

A Funny Business

YOUNG Dick Kynaston lay on the rim of the sheer rock wall and looked down on the River Arrow which flowed swiftly through the ravine oddly-named The Long Man's League.

"There you are, Alec," he said. "Those are Swithin's Stones." He pointed to large stepping stones set across the river a little way up stream, at the head of the ravine.

Alec, Renshaw, who lay beside Dick, looked and nodded. Alec was small for his age and wore glasses and, when he had first arrived at Bishop's Mead, the home of the Kynastons, to spend his summer holidays, the lusty young Kynastons had rather despised him. Now they knew better, for Alec had more brains than any of them and had proved it by pulling them out of various scrapes.

"Jolly fine stepping stones," Alec agreed, "but why are they called Swithin's?"

"It's quite a yarn," Dick said. "Swithin was a chap who fought for Monmouth. He was an ancestor of Mum. When Monmouth got licked at Sedgemoor Swithin bunked back here and hid in a cave in this cleave. His people brought him grub. They came across the steps. A man called Clarke spotted them and told somebody, and Swithin was caught and tried by Judge Jeffreys."

"Hanged, I suppose," said Alec.

"No, he wasn't. The reason was that Swithin was believed to have a wonderful jewel that Monmouth had given him to take care of. They said they'd give him his life if he handed over the jewel. He laughed at them so they put him in prison and kept him there for years. They say he died there but no one knows. And no one knows what became of the jewel."

"Sounds a dreary sort of business," said Alec. "But where was the cave?"

"That's another funny thing. They never found the cave."

Alec lay silent, frowning thoughtfully. It was, as Dick said, a funny business, but Alec knew that there was generally a lot of truth in these old stories handed down from father to son. Presently he got up and began to walk slowly along the edge of the cliff in the direction of the Stones. He was scanning the opposite rock wall with great care. It was almost sheer but broken by deep crevices and there were terraces where broom and gorse grew thickly. He stopped and turned.

"Dick, I believe I can see the mouth of a cave."

Dick came running.

"My word, I believe you're right! There is a hole. That's funny for I've been up here lots of times and never seen it before."

"I'll tell you why," said Alec. "That hole was covered by a rock slide and quite lately there's been another slide and opened it up again. You can see a regular pile of stuff down below."

"I can. I say, Alec, do you think it could be Swithin's cave?"

"It might be. Let's go and look. We can climb to it all right."

Dick started forward then stopped.

"We can't," he said sadly. "It's on Calvin Clarke's side."

"Who's Calvin Clarke?"

"A queer chap. Supposed to be a descendant of the fellow who sneaked on Swithin. He owns all that land on the other side and makes a peck of trouble if anyone trespasses."

A stubborn look came upon Alec's small face. "We shan't do his land any harm. There's no law against your crossing another man's land so long as you don't do damage. Anyhow who's going to see us?"

"Clarke's always snooping round," Dick said doubtfully.

"He can't do worse than order us off," Alec told him. "I'm going, Dick. If you don't feel like it trot back and find Horry and Babs."

"Don't be an ass! If you're going I'm coming, too."

They had to make a round to reach a spot where they could climb down to the stepping stones. Dick kept looking about, but there was not a sign of Clarke or anyone else: just a few rabbits and a pair of water ouzels—nothing else alive.

The stones were like small pillars with flat tops and the river rushed black, deep, and swift between them. The two boys skipped across and Alec led the way up the opposite cliff. Alec had already spotted a way to the cave mouth and, though it

was a stiff climb, it was not particularly difficult or dangerous. The only really awkward bit was just before they got to the mouth where the rock was almost sheer. But Alec found a deep niche, the sort of thing that mountaineers call a chimney and, getting his back against one side and his legs against the other, he forced his way up, then leaned over and gave Dick a hand.

They found themselves on a narrow ledge with an opening in front. It was only about a yard high, but after they had crept a little way in it became larger and they were able to stand up. Alec, who always carried matches in a corked tube, lit one and the light showed a small rock chamber about ten feet across.

"Look!" cried Dick, pointing to a pile of what seemed like very ancient hay on one side. "It's a bed. That's where Swithin slept."

"Believe you're right," said Alec as he struck another match. "Yes, and here's an old jug. I expect he used it to get water from the river." He picked up the brown earthenware jug from the ledge on which it stood. Something rattled inside. Alec turned it upside down and some small object fell out into his hand. With fingers that were not quite steady he lighted a third match and at once a crimson glow was reflected from the stone he held in his palm. "A ruby!" he said swiftly. "Dick, we've found Monmouth's jewel."

CHAPTER 2

Alec Scores Again

THE sunlight seemed dazzling when the two boys crept out of the dark little cavern on to the ledge outside. Alec stepped to the edge of the ledge and, as he did so, an angry shout came from below.

"You boys, what are you doing there? You're trespassing!"

"I told you so," said Dick to Alec.

"It's Calvin Clarke. Now we're for it."

Alec, looking down, saw a big powerfully-built man with a red face, a high, hooked nose and sandy hair, standing on the stepping stones and glaring upwards. Alec was not at all dismayed. "We are not doing any harm, sir," he said politely.

"That's for me to judge. You're on my land. Come down at once," roared the other in a voice that echoed like thunder.

JACKO FEELS HUNGRY

JACKO was hungry. Not that there was anything unusual in that; but the trouble was Mother Jacko was out, and had taken the precaution to lock the larder door.

As she was not expected home till dinner-time there was nothing to do about it but wait.

Jacko wandered disconsolately out

"It leaks terribly in the wet weather," his mother was saying, "and everything gets soaked."

"Don't you worry, ma'am, I'll soon fix it for you," answered Mr Trump, the plumber. "Have you a ladder handy? Why, bless me, here it is all fixed!"

Jacko glanced round wildly and spotted an old oak chest.



Over they went, a mass of waving arms and legs

into the garden, with his hands deep in his pockets.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"The loft!" he exclaimed. "There ought to be quite a lot."

It was apples he was thinking of. He rushed back into the house and up to the loft. And there he settled down to a good feast.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," he chanted, grinning.

They were nice juicy ones, and he was just starting on his fourth when he heard voices below.

Jacko bent forward and listened.

"Saved!" he breathed, making a dive for it.

But it must have been Jacko's unlucky day, for a family of mice had made their home in that chest, and one ran up Jacko's leg. He gave out a yell and made a dash for the door.

"Look out!" shouted Mr Trump, looking up hurriedly.

But it was too late. Jacko fell with a bang on top of him, and over they both went, a mass of waving arms and legs.

Fortunately neither of them was hurt, except Jacko—and that came later, when Father Jacko got home!

Alec meantime took a notebook from his pocket and began to write with a pencil. Dick brought the sticks, Alec cut them into short lengths and tied some lengths with string to make a little raft. In the centre of this he fixed a mast about six inches high and to it tied a sheet on which he had written a message.

It was not until he stooped and set this afloat in the river that Dick realised what he was after. Dick gave a yell of delight.

"Shut up, you idiot," Alec ordered.

"Do you want to bring Clarke back?"

"Sorry! I forgot. But, I say, we must put a lot of these in. Some may get stranded before they reach Horry."

"Of course we must. At least six." As he spoke Alec was busy fixing up a second little boat. The first was already out of sight down the stream. He finished it, tied the message to it, and was setting it afloat when there was a crashing among the bushes on the far side.

"Clarke!" gasped Dick.

Clarke it was and looking savage enough to scare anyone. But Alec was not dismayed.

"Sit tight, Dick! He can't reach us," he whispered. And Dick, seeing this was true, took courage.

"I thought you'd get sick of roosting up on that cliff," said Clarke with an ugly laugh. "Now I've got you."

"Have you?" Alec answered sweetly.

"Your legs are pretty long, but I don't believe you dare try to jump that gap. And, talking about trespassing, aren't you off your own land?"

This was true, for now Clarke was on the far side of the river.

Alec's retort drove Clarke to fresh fury. His big face went crimson, he stamped with rage. Suddenly he swung round and plunged back into the bushes. Alec turned to Dick. "He's gone for a plank. We'll have to nip back up to the cave."

The two boys went up like lamplighters and, when Clarke got back with a plank, were again out of his reach. Again he stormed and raved.

"I'll have you if I stay here all night," he roared.

Dick looked unhappy.

"Your dodge won't be any good, Alec," he said. "Even if the kids get your message they won't be able to help us."

"It does look black," Alec allowed. "But Clarke's not going to have that ruby, not if I have to stay here a week."

Dick was looking over. "I say, he's fixed the plank. He's coming after us."

"He'll break his neck if he does," Alec answered calmly.

Clarke was across. He began to climb. Strong as he was, he was heavy and clumsy, but he was obstinate and came slowly up.

"Alec, he's going to do it," Dick cried.

Clarke was about half-way up. He reached up and grasped a root to help him from one ledge to the next. With a loud crack it broke and he slid back. He yelled with terror.

Dick went white.

"He'll be killed," he gasped. But the man got hold of the trunk of a small sycamore and this held. He lay spread-eagled on a steep slope. He managed to get a hold for one toe and there he stuck, unable to get up or down.

"Come on, Dick," said Alec, and started down again.

"What can we do?" Dick asked.

"He's too heavy for us."

"We've got to try, Dick."

"Dick!" came a shout from below.

"It's Horry," cried Dick. "And he's got a man with him. It's Kelly, the water bailiff."

Alec breathed deeply. He had never felt more relieved.

"Kelly," he cried, "Mr Clarke is stuck. We'll need a rope."

"Baint no rope," said the bailiff. "But don't 'ee worry. I'll fix un." Up he came like a great cat and, lying flat on a ledge above Clarke, he leaned over and pulled him up.

Clarke was badly scared.

"Baint you got no better sense than to climb a place like this?" asked Kelly scornfully.

"I was after these boys," said Clarke recovering. "They're trespassing."

"Trespassing!" repeated Kelly with scorn. "I seed 'ee t'other side this morning with a gun. And who's gone and pulled over one o' Swithin's Stones? Were that some o' your work?"

Clarke could not deny it and Kelly went on. "They stones belongs to the Fishery Board. If I reports you there'll be a noise, I tell 'ee."

"I'll put it back," said Clarke hastily.

"Aye and you'll do it by tomorrow night, or I'll know why. Come along, young gentlemen. It's time I got home to my tea."

Friends of the CN

The CN in its present form is 20 years old this year. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless) a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would be a birthday gift indeed,

a new lease of success and
influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

and debit my account

Will you give this to your newsagent in celebration of the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to

the Still Small Voice

MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
Appetising and nourishing for picnics and rambles.

Holidays—2/- a day

16,000 poor children will be given a day in the country, or by the sea, this coming summer—if funds permit. Please help to make this possible.

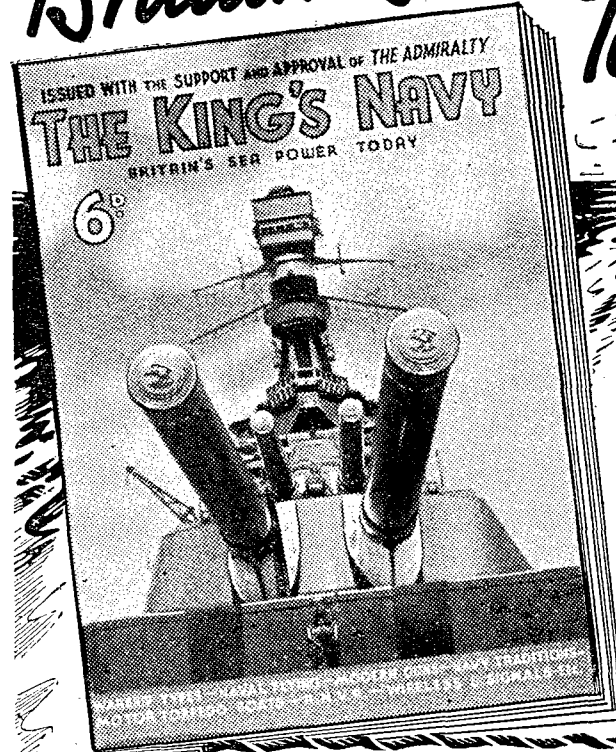
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supl., EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1

**KEEP YOUR TEETH
BEAUTIFUL WITH
MAGNESIA.**

Here is a simple tip for those who wish for whiter teeth. Within a few days from the time you begin this simple blanching treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice the improvement. Magnesium Hydroxide is the secret—it causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the duller teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is important, but is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid, and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this regularly and your teeth will be noticeably whiter. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' and is sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Britain's Sea Power Today!



WHAT do you know about the men who guard our shores? The floating fortresses of steel they man? Work and traditions of the Silent Service? Whatever the extent of your knowledge, this profusely illustrated new book, published with the approval and support of the Admiralty, gives an absorbingly interesting and graphic account of the KING'S NAVY as it is today, thrilling and inspiring to every Briton.

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How ships are moved in combination.

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How adequate reserves of manpower are trained in peace for war.

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History and work of the fastest naval vessels afloat.

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Everything there is to know about Britain's Naval Power

ON SALE FRIDAY, 28th JULY, AT ALL NEWSAGENTS 6d

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"

BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 29, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Strange But True

THIS may sound nonsense, but it's not: That five is four is true indeed. But five is four, and two as well. FIVE has four letters and, you see, A Roman four with F and E.

Nothing After All

HERE is a little catch for your friends. Write the word ALLO on a piece of paper, and ask them what it means. When they have given it up you can say that it is really nothing after all!

An Epigram

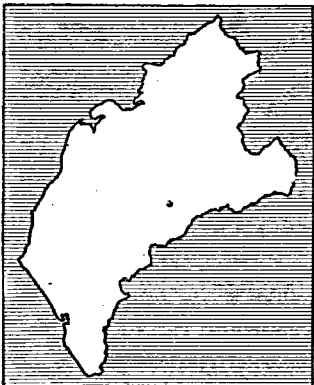
ONE day when in the meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly bag."

"Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out?"
says Hugh;
Quoth Ralph: "I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end."

On Top

WHAT is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest of mankind? A hat.

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

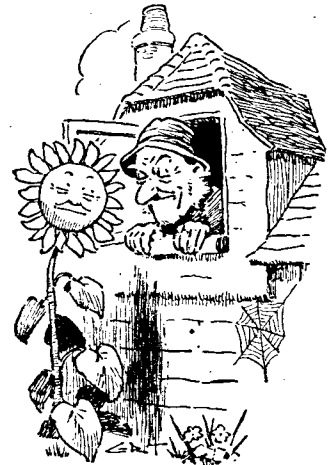
Growing Orange Blossom

BABY orange trees that will flower when they are little more than a year old may be grown indoors.

Collect twenty or thirty orange pips and plant them in soil in a medium-sized pot, allowing a space of about a quarter of an inch between the pips. Keep the pot in the sunny window of a room and

water frequently enough to prevent the soil from getting dry. Soon the little plants appear, and these will grow into dwarf trees. Of course, the soil will be crowded with roots, but do not remove the plants, as it is the fact that they are pot-bound that makes them flower when they are small.

Old Jasper's Pride



MY word, what a big boy you're getting!

The Two Brothers

TWO brothers are we, with five children apiece,
A number which never is known to increase;
We are large, hard, and black—we are soft, white, and small,
But without us mankind could do nothing at all.
Without us no vessel the ocean could roam,
Yet though we go forth you will find us at home;
If you can't find us out, why, to cut short our story,
When you sit down to dinner you have us before ye.

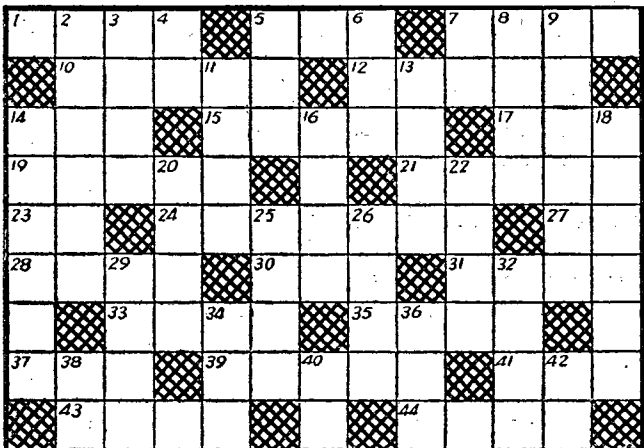
Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE song of the blackcap ceases. Only the cock bird has the black cap, the hen's cap being chestnut. The blackcap is about the size of a sparrow, with much the same drabness of plumage, and makes a fragile cup-like nest of hay and roots in low, thick cover. It lays five or six eggs.

What Happened on Your Birthday
July 30. Samuel Rogers born 1763
31. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, died . . . 1556
Aug. 1. Nelson's great Battle of the Nile . . . 1798
2. William II died . . . 1100
3. August Saint-Gaudens, sculptor, died . . . 1707
4. Simon de Montfort killed 1265
5. Earl Howe died . . . 1799

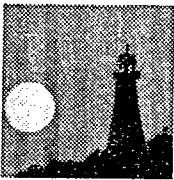
The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south-east, and Jupiter is low in the east. In the morning Venus is low in the east, Saturn is in the south, and Jupiter in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at ten o'clock on Monday evening, July 31.



Tyre and Tire

A POLITICIAN who was famous for his very long speeches is said to have received the following suggestion in verse:
Mr Gabble, we say, you make us think
Of the blacksmith bold with forge like ink,
Where he moulds and welds and fastens with fire
The spokes of the wheel to the outer tyre.
For this I know, and know full well,
And any blacksmith the same will tell,
That the speech's effect—if you will inquire—
Is just like the wheel near the blacksmith's fire;
We tell it to you without any ire
That a very long spoke makes a very large tire!

What Did He Mean?

SOME boys were forming a club, and one of their number had been asked to draft some rules. At the next meeting he read out as Rule Number 3:
"The committee shall meet on the first Tuesday in every month, provided the same does not fall on a Sunday."

Ici On Parle Français



Le gant glove Le bas stocking Le mouchoir handkerchief
Maman est allée à la vente. Qu'a-t-elle acheté? Une paire de gants, des bas, et un joli mouchoir de dentelle.

Mummy has been to the sales. What has she bought? A pair of gloves, some stockings, and a pretty lace handkerchief.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Enigma. Why, Wye, Y
Peter Puck's Fun Fair
Word Square Word Changing
OLD WING
LAY WIND
DYE BIND
BIRD
What is Wrong? Telephone kiosk in a garden. Smoke and flag blowing in opposite directions. Deck-chair has no support. Gate is upside down. Gate has no hinges. Telegraph insulators underneath instead of on top of the crossbars.

Reading Across. 1. This is at the top. 5. Every one. 7. The summit. 10. Smooths by applying heat and weight. 12. The supposed atmosphere in space. 14. Devoured. 15. A literary composition. 17. Skill. 19. The darker part of a picture. 21. To pass on a broadcast. 23. Compass point. 24. Regarded with approbation. 27. Near. 28. Strays. 30. Australia's ostrich. 31. Admitted facts. 33. Interjection used to attract attention. 35. Periods of 24 hours each. 37. Sunburn. 39. To sing like the Swiss sing. 41. A soldier's outfit. 43. Island of the Inner Hebrides. 44. Day begins here.

Reading Down. 2. One or the other. 3. A surface. 4. To accomplish. 5. Donkey. 6. A grassy plain. 7. Exclamation expressing various emotions. 8. A set of bells tuned to each other. 9. Wandering. 11. Lack of necessities. 13. Band on a wheel. 14. Declare. 16. To take cream from the surface of milk. 18. An oppressive ruler. 20. A horizontal pen-stroke. 22. A small whirlpool. 25. A note to help the memory. 26. Primitive. 29. A row, or line. 32. Demands. 34. Organ of sight. 36. A beverage. 38. Old Roman copper coin. 40. French for of. 42. A pronoun.

Five-Minute Story

Runaway Knock

WHEN Dennis got in from school one afternoon he found that his mother had a visitor. Dennis said "How do you do?" to the gentleman, but he became aware of a coldness in the atmosphere.

"But I haven't done anything!" thought Dennis.

He soon learned what the trouble was.

"Not a shadow of doubt, madam!" said the gentleman. "I have had the boy under observation every day this week. I was waiting in my car this afternoon, and as soon as he had repeated his despicable action I drove on to your gate."

"I'm very grieved about this, Dennis," said his mother. "How could you do such a thing? And the lady in the upper flat is lame, too!"

"I haven't done anything to lame ladies," replied Dennis, rather warmly.

"With my own eyes," declared the caller sternly, "I have seen you knock at the door of Number Ten and walk on."

"Why—" began Dennis.

"His face betrays him," said the visitor. "Now, sir, I have your mother's permission to take you to the house, so that you can apologise for your unmannerly conduct."

Dennis walked silently along the street with his captors. The lame lady was just opening her door to admit a little black cat who was waiting.

"This is the insolent fellow who brings you to the door by his runaway knock, madam!" said the gentleman. "He has come to apologise and to promise to mend his ways!"

"But I don't want him to mend his ways!" was the reply. "My naughty puss will run out when the fishcart goes along the street. If I come down to look for her she is never here, though her poor kittens are crying for her upstairs. But if this kind-hearted young man sees her on the step when he passes he flips the knocker, and I know it is time to come down!"

Dennis's mother was beginning to smile.

"Now I understand," she said.

"And as for me," spluttered the gentleman, "I'm an interfering old busybody! But if you'll allow me, madam," he said to the cat's mistress, "I'll let my apology take a practical form. I'll call round tomorrow morning, and fit up a device by which you can open the door by pressing a button from the top of the landing."

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.



Make this
Frock
Yourself
from the

FREE PATTERN

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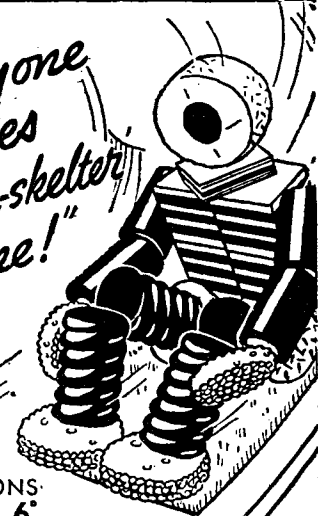
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